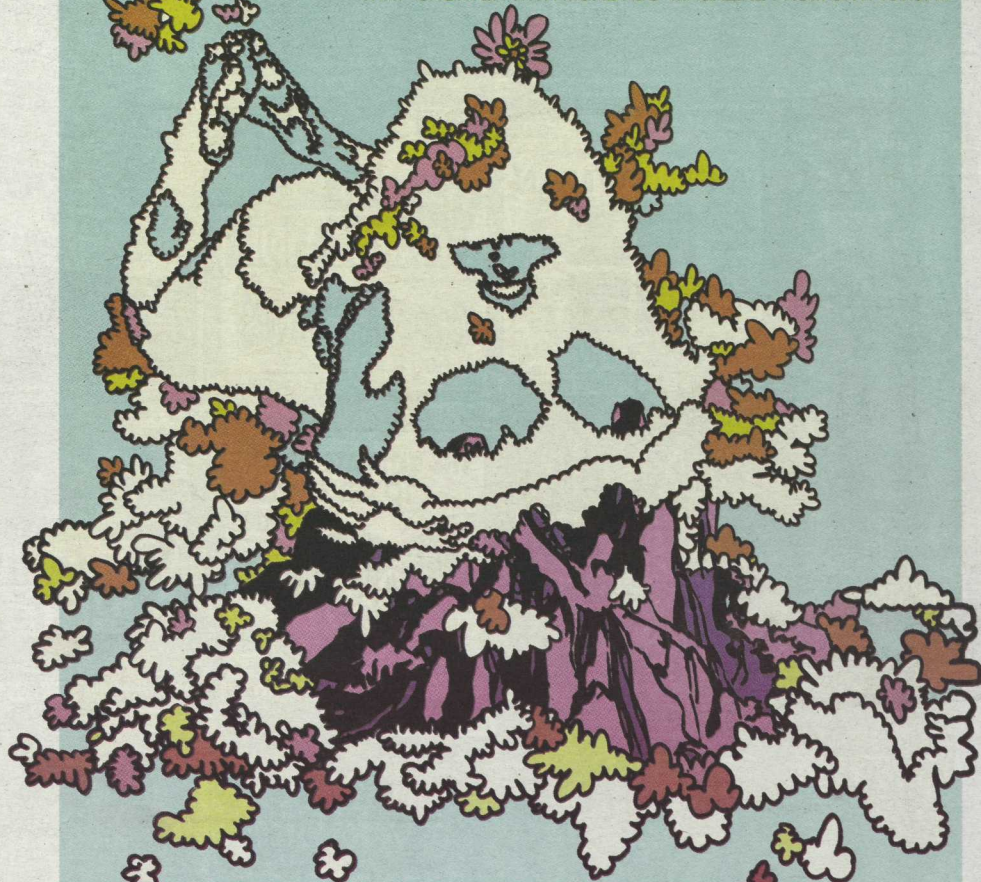


DISCORDER

THAT "SHORTER WITH MORE ADS" MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



PINK MOUNTAINTOPS
TOMMY FEBRUARY 6
RIDLEY BENT

Discorder

THAT "SHORTER WITH MORE ADS" MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.5 FM

ISSUE 253/ JULY 2004

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FRONT COVER

Niall McClelland drew this month's totally dreamy and masturbation-worthy cover. In his own words: "I'm a freelance illustrator, my bike wheel was stolen from outside my studio yesterday, I have to walk everywhere now and it sucks. Come see my show Alone at the Worry Hut Social Club at the Crying Room on July 23rd with Lukas Giniotis and Robin Cameron." Bring extra bike wheels to the gallery, located at Main & Cordova. Liquor will be available behind the bar, crack will be available outside (down the alley to the left).

THANKS

Duncan McHugh
Norwac
Wilson Wong

Michelle Mayne
Chris Walters
Coffee

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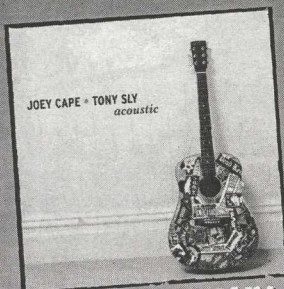
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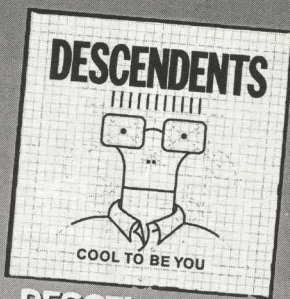
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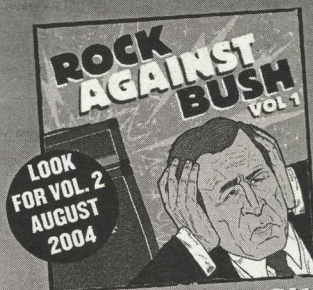
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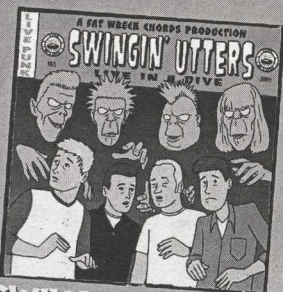


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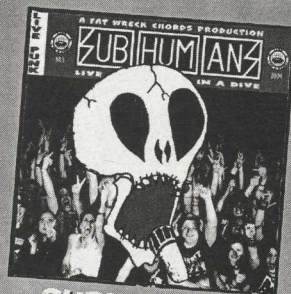
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URGE TO GET ALL
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STUFF!

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SOMETHING TO DO WITH
ALL THOSE FLOATING
RECORDS.



From the Desk of...

KAT SIDDLE

A WORD OF EXPLANATION From the Desk of Near-Disaster

No, this is not a handful of Kleenex: this is a very short issue of DISCORDER Magazine.

For the last four years, DISCORDER has been exceeding its budget. Printing a magazine isn't cheap, and CTR's much-needed funds have been invested in keeping our little rag afloat. I mean, it's not like this thing makes any money, or ever will. Last week, the AMS informed DISCORDER staff that we have six months to stop hemorrhaging money like a third-trimester miscarriage. Or else. Their words. I swear, DISCORDER now aspires to the lofty goal of losing less money, or (amigod) breaking even.

We're doing all we can to save. Graeme stopped using fittles to light his cigarettes, and when that didn't work, we confiscated Dale's "DISCORDER" business-account credit card and made him return the giant mahogany like-heads. Sussy stopped commuting back and forth to Abbotsford in the CTR Hummer. I even took to paying for my performance-enhancing drugs out of my own pocket.

When none of this made any difference, we took a look at our ad-to-content ratio. And then we said, "Holy shit, this is going to be a short issue."

Our financial demons have led us down a dark path. We had to drop an alarming number of pages from this issue. Real Live Action and Under Review were razed. Entire stories were thrown to the wind. We had to make some difficult decisions.

Fucking Bullshit

CHRISTA MIN

I go to a lot of parties. Well, not that many considering the hundreds of invitations from all around the world that I get. I don't even like parties. I just go to them because I'm a nice person. I try to support people by making a stunning appearance. Basically, people swarm me once I appear, and then they start asking me lots of questions. The most common question is "So, what do you do?" People have trouble understanding my lifestyle, so they want me to explain it to them in a single word. Well, I'll tell you: I'm an artist.

I was born an artist and I will die an artist. I may be the best guitar player in the world, but I'm not a "musician." I may take beautiful photographs of my beautiful friends with sad expressions on their faces but I'm not a "photographer." Every now and then, I may create pencil drawings of birds and bottles of beer, but I'm no "illustrator." I'm a fucking ARTIST. You can see it in my exotic eyes, in my movement, in my hairstyle. It's as clear as the days are long. (I'm not a "poet" either, believe it or not.)

The next question people always ask is "What kind of artist?" I've told you what I am. I will tell you what I have been: I was (in the following

order) a Leninist, Futurist, Symbolist, Fauvist, Stalinist, Scientist, Surrealist, Impressionist, Plishist, Naturalist, Classicist, Dadaist, Neoclassicist, Plautist, Constructivist, Romanticist, Physicist, Realist, Marxist, and Punk. The twists and turns of my short but amazing life have led to one conclusion: Trioxidism is the only true art. Therefore I am everything and only a Trioxidist.

Trioxidism is real because it is not fake. It is truth because you can lie. It is free because you may not stick your dong in young children. Trioxidism cannot be defined, only expressed. Trioxidism is not a trend. There is no special diet, no length of pant. It is not exclusive, only selective.

I know few Trioxidists besides myself. But it is a circular wave, and there is hope to experience it at the Miriam Goodfellow Gallery, 69 Rue du Temple, New York, NY from July 16 - August 29, and also at 1121 Robson Street, Vancouver, BC (dates TBA; check venue for details) throughout the summer.

You may not understand it, but you will feel it. You may not understand me, but you will be trying to feel me. There is, however, no touching or cats in Trioxidism. I don't know for sure, though. I'll have to check. **D**

I know that the absolute LAST thing you expected from DISCORDER was more chaos and inconsistency. But please don't worry: this state of affairs is temporary. Next month's issue will be longer. And better. Because, believe it or not, we actually know what we're doing now. And there's lots of exciting changes on the way.

In the meantime, we're going to use our website to publish all the reviews and stories that we can't afford to print. Look for a revamped site that looks the same, but functions better in a couple of weeks.

Apologies to all writers whose stories were shortened or scrapped outright. Apologies to people who sent us their albums but didn't see the reviews. Apologies to people who thought this issue would be as luxuriously full of content as the last.

To summarize the lost material: go see crazy cellist Jarone July 16/17 at the Vancouver Folk Festival, before she releases an English-language album and gets all popular and stuff. And if you play the Von Bondies' *Fawn Shoppe Heart* during *Shrek 2*, you'll get something even better than Dark Side of the Rainbow.

There's still lots of goodies: 'tween these here pages: our new comic, "Gravy-Filled French Fries"; a new installation of "Finding Joy"; and a bit on a Japanese band you will never be able to see live, and whose albums you'll never afford!

And read every single one of our amazing ads, and then go out and buy the stuff and see the shows so we can get more! Ads that is.

Until next month, Kat **D**

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this here is the new cure album



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The DISCORDER has recently decided to allow ourselves to offer promotional materials. This means that you, dear reader, may be eligible to receive one of the following four items.

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BRYCE DUNN

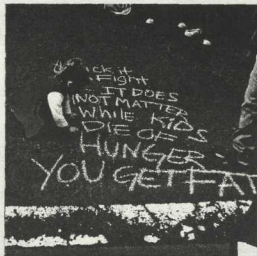
With summer in full swing, I don't need to remind you audiophiles out there to take care extra care with your vinyl cat — stay cool, stay dry and everything will be A-OK. That said, we'll keep this month's foray into the oasis of waxy wonderment brief and relaxing, so as not put any undue stress on your already sweat-soaked brow and my sweat-drenched fingers. 'Course my fingers had gotten considerably sweeter once the new *Dirtbombs/Adult* split single came my way.

Being a big fan of Mick and Co., I knew I was in for something either incredibly beautiful or incredibly strange. I mean, consider the outcome: an electroclash duo covering the rock 'n' soul of Detroit's finest? Well, apparently there's more to this single than meets the eye — both groups are from Detroit, both cover each other's tunes, and both bands that the cover photos of each other, and shared the release responsibilities. Whew! It better be damn good — and it is. The *Dirtbombs* tackle an early *Adult* song, "Lost Love" to almost *Krotzwerkian* perfection, as Mick's voice is tempered to near robotic tones, but the drumming duo of Ben and Pat keep it grooving.

Adult take on a relatively obscure *Dirtbombs* track "Pray For Pills", which was released on an Australian tour seven inch (long time readers of this column, yeah all way back), but the result is pretty much what I expected: rigid drum machine backed with spooky vocals, but still buoyant and toe-tappin'. From what I gather this was pressed in very limited quantity, so perhaps only the purists will seek this out, but I look forward to the *Goldfrapp*/Greenhornes split coming soon... just kidding. (Ersatz Audio P.O. Box 02713 Detroit MI USA 48202).



Perfect for a lazy Sunday afternoon or hell, just about any summer afternoon is *The Swansea Mass*, a quartet from Chicago named after their guitarist's hometown. The two songs debuted here are "Silver Venus", which brings to mind the dreamy psyche tendencies of *Outrageous Cherry*, and the flipside "Chessey", which could have been



plucked from the Elephant Six Collective's back pocket; think the effervescent *Apples In Stereo* meets the morose *Jesus And Mary Chain*. The caricatures of the group on the cover allude to them being some sort of white-hooded cult, but just to be on the safe side, don't be drinking that kool-aid offered to you. (Loud Devices, loud-devices.com).

If it's a heart attack you want, look not to grape kool-aid, but to the strangely named *XXRXR*, a collective of musicians based in Oakland, California. Their latest offering is a cardiac arrest set to the tone of sonic revolution: four blasts of intense noise-core on a one-sided, blood-red coloured single, with a simple message scrawled on the record's label: "We Hate The President", and a deeper message scrawled on the asphalt by a young girl on the cover. I'll leave it to you to find out what it says, and for that matter, deciphering the words to the songs, but all I can say is: "Take that, Georgie!" (Narnack Records, 381 Broadway, 4th Floor #3 New York, N.Y. USA 10013).

Our last serving of seven inch comes from some troublemakers from Portland, Oregon known as *The Observers*. Four tracks of SoCal-influenced punk rock — at least the production makes it feel that way — like listening to *Channel 3* or *T.S.O.L.* back in the day, with lyrics dealing with fitting in, not fitting in and the like on tracks such as "Lead Pill" and "Can't Be Sad". I liked the drum solo in "Short Day", that's punk rock. Man, Portland can do no wrong these days, with so many good bands to choose from, add *The Observers* to that list. (Super Secret Records P.O. Box 1585 Austin, TX USA 78767).

Well, get out there and enjoy the summer while it lasts, and we'll see you next month with a fresh batch! **D**

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BLOODSHOT BILL
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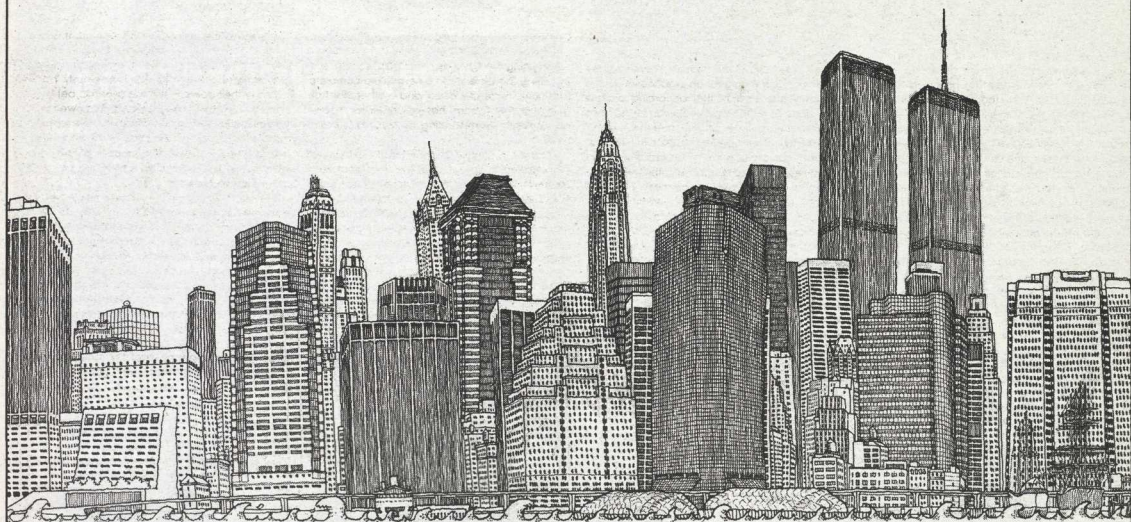
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PINK MOUNTAIN TOPS
(CD Release Party)
DESTROYER [solo]
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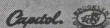
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DVD Video Anthology



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Panarticon

TOBIAS C. VAN VEEN

Friday, June 18, 3:12am, Barcelona

—contents under pressure

I've been reading Anselm Jappe's book on Guy Debord. Debord was the prime mover behind the Situationists throughout their 10 years of existence from 1958-1968. Centred in Paris, the critical yet creative publications of the Situationist International in part spurred the uprising of May '68, leading to what we know today as culture jamming and hacktivism. The SI investigated if not invented concepts of détournement (altering existing slogans, images, representations) and the dérive (a form of "drifting" the city, of psychogeography and of radical intervention in the flows of urban planning and architecture). Jappe renders a specific observation of Debord: he only wrote what he wanted, at his own pace, and never on demand. He never wrote for an editor or at the behest of anyone else. His book *Society of the Spectacle*, some 200 odd theses, was written far from the pressure of publishers or publicity agents. [Ah, Tobias, you can only dream... - Ed.]

Last year, this magazine published an article I wrote on that little Spanish electronic music festival known as Sonar. My writing unfolded in (mock) gonzo fashion, miming the energy of not only Sonar's overwhelming heat (it was dangerously hot last year), but the crowds, the hedonism, the attitude, the absynthe. Gonzo is a "genre" of writing that mixes the elements of documentary (think Michael Moore) with the flavour of a critical outlier (think Lars von Trier). And like von Trier, one often abuses the actors to sketch exaggerated characters of the everyday. Like a surrealist painting, it is through gross distortion that a glimmer of the grotesque can be viewed in all its normality—and banality. And, one would hope, its humor.

Gonzo is a style—but more than that, an irrepressible way of life—pioneered by '60s counterculture writer Hunter S. Thompson. Beyond being a drugged, dangerous journalist (all too often, his only contemporary image), Thompson is also deadly serious. His cutting wit, barbed commentary and incisive manoeuvres of the pen all serve the age-old tradition of the wordsmith: the knife of the question, the perspective of two thousand years (if not more) of cultural baggage to weigh the actions of the present. With force and punch, the mocking not only of tradition but of the official byline that runs, incessantly, like an automatic answering machine. There is something of Debord in Thompson, and vice-versa: an articulation of the structures of contemporary times. Or in more Thompsonian terms, of the beasts that carve out evil in the heart of society. Fear and loathing.

Gonzo is not mere cinema vérité—it claims no truth (fiction, writes Thompson, is often more true). It knows no strict boundaries of what is considered "fair game." It requires lived experience. It often calls for altered states to achieve this difference in perspective that turns the mundane into the fantastic, the carnivalesque, the horrific. (GIR's own *Nardwurd* the Human Serviette is in many ways a true heir to this tradition—although straight-edge.)

This Sonar article nearly landed me without press credentials. I was originally denied accreditation for this year's Sonar. I wrote back,

asking why—I've been writing on electronic music, media and culture for close to a decade, and I already had plane tickets booked. So I figured a bit of an explanation was owed. Sonar responded by granting me accreditation, as well as a request to discuss the situation with them... which is where I slip into gonzo... a very nervous situation, sitting down with the press director of Sonar, in charge of some 800 plus press cops, and trying to contextualize the aims of such writing for an organisation that is an industry, and a culture that, according to a few of my good Spanish and Catalan friends, has never known a counterculture... And me: a small-time "journalist" with pretensions to claiming that journalism can act as a tool to express other forms of meaning in popular formats (like this one).

They're still very worried. Accreditation was denied because of the article written. Which worries me. Can I write freely here? I am, and have made the choice to think about it loud, here in this month's Panarticon. Not as a sensationalist play or a lame vendetta (far from it), but to exemplify the parameters under which most writing is performed today. Writing that, in the past, from the pen of Thompson, or say Tom Wolfe, was the unadorned, a generalist journalism. Today, at the heart of "underground" music—across almost all genres—it is incredibly difficult to find writers willing to write.

Should I be writing about this too? Does it even surprise anyone and does anyone even really give a shit?

That's a different question. Today it's more or less the point that the question never even occurs to most "journalists." It is the prerogative of Sonar's Press Director to worry about what is written. But it is the responsibility of the journalist to cover not only the hyped music of the moment, but the atmosphere in which we respond to it. Create it. Question it. If more journalists did this—the ethic of investigative journalism—global culture might develop a sense of involvement rather than accepting its role as a (mostly) passive consumer of entertainment. Music is not television and it shouldn't be.

There were hundreds of thousands of people at the 1970 Isle of Wight Music Festival. Almost double Woodstock, and a documentary crew covered the entire thing—from backstage drugs, organiser stress and payola to police beatings and hippie hypocrisy (the absolute trashing of the land, for example). Today, such a documentary would be almost impossible to film. Real access, unfettered access, is a pipe-dream. The ideal of exposing the moment not for the contemporary but for the future is all but buried in the paranoia that controls the spectacle of the now. As Debord writes with such prescience, images must be perpetuated to form the real, the real being representations that sell. This process is largely not of an elite cabal's making but operates independently, a machine unto itself. The Press Director worries that she hasn't done her job properly, and that this is why I have written what I have—as if it was personal. It is this perspective that is already a function of a system that demands personal investment in the propagation of one-way, transmitted imagery.

It is always personal... in the sense that it is the person working up to the historical flow that unhinges the boulder, losing the rolling thunder... a sudden flash flood.

Until then! **D**

Strut, Fret and Flicker

PENELOPE MULLIGAN

Westem Theatre Conspiracy
Omniscience
Wednesday 2 June
Performance Works

Our worst fears about high-tech authoritarianism are being borne out so rapidly that science fictionalizing them has become quite superfluous. By setting *Omniscience* in a near future complete with sleek, minimalist decor and a bit of Star Trek gadgetry, Tim Carlson has prevented his hyper-relevant play from landing as hard as it could have.

There's nothing terribly futuristic about the plot: Warren, a film editor at the state-controlled media outlet, has been assigned to work on a documentary about insurrection in a rebel territory. Increasingly baffled by cryptic footage from his war correspondent buddy Paul, he's hard put to give if the "correct" spin—particularly since Paul is suspected of defection. Guilt by association and circumstantial evidence soon land Warren on the government's hit list. Meanwhile, his soldier wife Anna has returned from active combat with a dirty little secret and a serious case of post-traumatic stress disorder. Beth, the company shrink, tries in vain to keep the couple's psyches cruising along smoothly while she herself is learned on by an intelligence heavy named George.

Because her engagement in the politics of war is so immediate, Anna is the most grounded character—and Nicole Leroux played her with explosive invention. Anna's battlefield epiphany may have left her a pill-popping wreck, but Leroux gives the impression that without it, she'd probably be walking prisoners on a leash. As Beth and George, Jennifer Clement and Craig March were sometimes too consciously hard-boiled in their delivery, but the dynamic between scientific objectivity and a thuggish, power-mad administration was nicely observed. Warren was more of a problem. The story revolved around him, but he was much too weak to warrant the attention and Camyar Chai's hangdog portrayal only made things worse.

The real hero was Paul—a character who never appeared onstage—and thanks to video designer Flick Harrison, the AWOL correspondent became a symbol of independent journalism's potential for counter-spin and subversion. Eloquent, complex and frightening in their implication, Harrison's contributions were the production's biggest asset.

Though billed as a dystopian thriller, *Omniscience* didn't so much show where we're headed, as remind us of where we already are. Carlson handles the material with a tough, desperate intelligence, and the futuristic gloss forced a distance that just wasn't necessary. **D**

THE PLUGHOLE



Okay, they look like a bunch of dark little freaks right now, but seriously, before you know it The Penguins are gonna be about the hottest guys in town. I mean, they're already in bands and they're TEN! Give them 2 years. Uh, I mean, 5 years.

Look who's turning ten this year! It's **July Fourth Toilet**—and they're inviting you to their birthday celebration at the dear old barn in East Van. Seems like only yesterday that I first saw them at the Columbia doing a Southern-fried rock show. They would have been about two then. How time flies.

All of the Toilet's shows ooze an odd combination of looseness and control that one normally associates with pagan reveling meetings or family sing-alongs. Otherwise, each one is completely unique. Even so, their tenth anniversary performance should be especially groundbreaking. It will involve an 18-strong, costumed ensemble playing *Rock Fantasy*, a 1975 children's concept album from K-Tel.

The troupe has been rehearsing extensively for this gig—since February, in fact. Equally unprecedented will be the addition of an all-ages show for children and families. And then there's opening act, **The Penguins**—a quintet of 10-12-year-old musicians who play classic and contemporary rock covers along with some originals!

July Fourth Toilet founders **Robert Dayton** and **Julian Lawrence** will share the stage with a cavalcade of Toilet regulars and special guests. Among the former will be **Big Hamm**, **Susan Box**, **Clancy Dennehy** and **Jody Franklin**, while the latter will include actor/comedian **Paul Anthony**, Buy Nothing Day founder **Ted Dave**, cartoonist **Robin Konstantaris** and singer-songwriter **Mark Szabo**.

If you're wondering, "Whatever shall I wear to this party?" consider that *Rock Fantasy* is a rock'n'roll musical set in a land where animals are people and people are the animals.

Rock Fantasy is at the WISE Hall on Friday 23 July. All-ages show at 5pm/Grown-up show (in a manner of speaking) at 9pm. Tickets—available at Scratch and Zulu—are \$8 for adults and \$5 for sprogs (13 and under).

FRIDAY NIGHT!

TEEN WICKED



DANCE PARTY!

WITH DJs:

ANDREW ANDREW

ANDREW / my!gay!

husband!

R+B! RAP!

ROCK N ROLL

**SWEAT IT OUT IN THE
BACKROOM INSIDE**

FIRSTBLOOD

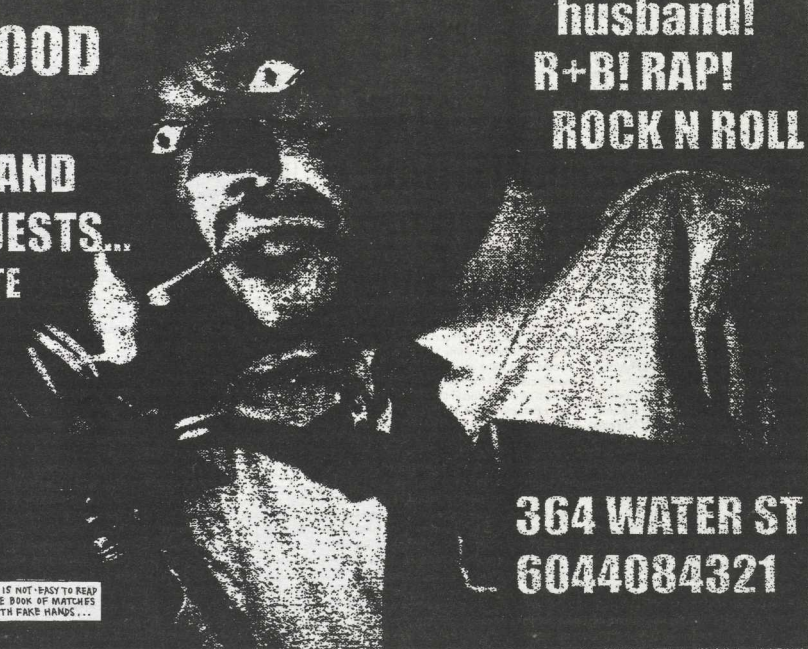
WITH DJ:

RADITUDE AND

SPECIALGUESTS...

DONT HESITATE

STAYUPLATE!



**BIZARRE
STYLES**

IT IS NOT EASY TO READ
THE BOOK OF MATCHES
WITH FAKS HANDS...

**364 WATER ST
6044084321**

PINK MOUNTAINTOPS

PEACHES ONLY WISHES SHE COULD GROW A BEARD LIKE THIS!!!

BY SASHA WEBB
PHOTO BY DALE NIXON

Does sex permeate music or the other way around? Where does one end and the other begin? As you may already know, dancing inevitably leads to sex. Really. This is true. So true that many fundamentalist Christian organizations have decreed an all-out ban on dancing. Feel free to take a trip to Abbotstown and see for yourself. Only hymns or Christian Rock are allowed, and the only thing you can do to that shit is worship and awkwardly sway.

Though I don't think the anti-dancing crew is on the right track, the correlation is clear. Music is conducive to sex as sex is conducive to music. Both celebrate creativity, humanity and freedom. Channeling the divine, they expose us to new ways of being and thinking, higher peaks of pleasure and pain. Both encourage us to engage with others, the world and ourselves in exciting and terrifying new ways. Sex and music are fundamental parts of humanity that cannot be replaced; only altered and re-contextualized, changing across different cultures and time periods, but serving the same essential purposes.

Apart from spiritual meanderings, there are many practical reasons to combine music and sex. The most salient example involves limited space and the proximity of friends, family or roommates. While many of us prefer making our own beautiful music, courtesy often forces us to use music as a cover-up. We all know that "listening to music" is basically a universal code for "making out".

Different types of music create different moods and can drastically alter a sexual experience. You know you're in for pussy-licking of your life when the boyfriend drops the needle on Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation*. In the same way, you know to put your panties back on and call a cab when that guy you met at the bar double-clicks on the Dave Matthews MP3s.

The power of sex makes it an essential marketing tool, and artists and music corporations exploit it accordingly. Britney Spears epitomizes this at it's very worst. The bitch can't sing worth shit, but that virgin/whore image sells damn fine. Boy bands are another example; their sterilized offerings of eternal love are perfectly geared to the culturally implanted desires of pre-teen hetero girls.

Then there is the rarest and greatest kind of sex music. Music that gets you genuinely enthused about sex for all the right reasons. Music that incorporates technical skill with raw, compelling lyrics to elicit feelings that we all wish could last forever. Music that observes the beauty, spontaneity and sanctity of sex.

Enter Vancouver's own Pink Mountaintops. With a little help from his friends, Black Mountain (formerly Jerk with a Bomb) frontman Stephen McBean wrote and recorded the self-titled debut album in an astonishing three weeks. The

joy and ecstasy that went into this record are clear. Steve's vocals blend together with Ashley Webber's like the perfect simultaneous orgasm. No song has ever made me as horny as "Sweet '69". The intuitively primal percussion and blatant yet enticing lyrics had me and everyone I played it for positively seething with sexual energy. Every song on the album exudes a playful, celebratory understanding of sex and intimacy. One doesn't want to just get laid after listening to this music. I want love dammit! I want it all. Apparently, so do the Pink Mountaintops. And with a debut like this, they're sure to get it.

Over beers in an east-side park, Steve and I discussed love, sex, touring and music history...

Given that you guys sort of fit into the random mix of sex music, how do you feel about the genre as a whole?

Well, we're not specifically about sex, it just turned out that way. It's more of just a celebration of being who you are and doing what you want to do. Having fun.

How did it just sort of "happen that way"?

Well, Jerk with a Bomb was on tour last summer and we had just toyed with the idea of changing our name to Black Mountain, which we eventually did. I believe the initial concept came up when we were driving through the Rockies to Colorado, drinking Red Bull and taking ephedrine to stay awake and listening to Pink Floyd's *The Final Cut* and then Pink Mountaintops popped into my head as a great name for a rock 'n' roll band.

From that, we were on tour and the whole myth of the rock 'n' roll tour lifestyle is a force. Well, at least to me it is. 'Cause I have my lover that I love, I'm with her, and that's that. So, I was missing her and I started writing songs in my head at rest stops, took notes, and then came back and wrote and recorded the record in about three weeks. It just all kind of came out. Certain songs that weren't necessarily about sex sort of morphed into being about sex in other ways. There were a few songs like "Bad Boogie Ballin'" that were laying around for a while and it kind of took on a new meaning with the Pink Mountaintops as opposed to if it had been a Black Mountain or JWAB song. Songs like "Sweet '69", which you can think the obvious meaning, but it's also the year I was born in, and a celebration of the music that was coming out at that time, sort of an ode to it so to speak.

So sort of a fusion of past stuff, present feelings and ideas about love in general?

Yeah, and to say "Sweet '69" is liberating. I think music has gone through all kinds of important phases, whether it's

protest music or just for the hell of it music. It seems like now at a point where you can meld the two, protest and fun, into one thing, with the state of the world as it is. Generally, you might want to talk to the people who make protest kind of music and you want to party with the badasses. Now you can sort of do both.

Definitely. So was it just that the concept was so different from your normal stuff that you needed a new name?

Yeah, we were tiring of the name JWAB, with all the catch phrases people would apply to that. The music was changing drastically. With the Pink Mountaintops I just wanted something that was quick and honest and documented and done: pure. I didn't worry about anything, it just came out. I was having fun writing songs in my room, and I think it turned out okay.

It must be so much fun to get up on stage and sing about giving head and all that fun stuff.

That's what it is. It's about fun. There's that whole genre of shock rock crap like the Mentors and whatnot, singing about sex in a way that's really derogatory towards women. And then there's other side, singing about it in a liberatory way. It's fun, there's no harm.

What kind of reaction have you got so far, from new fans and old school JWAB devotees?

It's been good. A bunch of people hugged me after various shows on the tour, they were excited. That's all you can wish for. That people have a good time and they leave with something to take home and carry on with their lives.

Is the album a cut and dry deal? Will we see more from the Pink Mountaintops?

It'll continue, but it more than likely won't be about sex. It's not going to be sex band or whatever. Musically, I'll probably keep the same vibe but I'm sure the subject matter will change.

What's your favourite music to get excited about love/sex, etc.? What kind of music really gets you in the mood?

Well, the last record I had sex to was Black Sabbath Volume IV. It was perfect. It all depends on the mood, but at that point, Volume IV was perfect. Old stuff like Serge Gainsbourg too, the album with Jane Birkin is about as sexy as it can get. I really have a thing for Miss Elliott's... not the new album, the one before [Under Construction, 2002]. I can't remember what it's called. It's a great album. **D**

Pa Ra Ra!

It's Tommy February⁶!



For the last three months I have been listening to Tommy February⁶ almost exclusively. Friends have become concerned and are planning some sort of intervention involving a white van, a chair, a video screen, and Creed videos on repeat. The secret they don't know is that I'm so far gone down this path that nothing short of lobotomy would quell my interest—and even then it would still be a great reason to throw a party. Everyone can dress up as doctors and nurses. It would just be like the Danielson Famile without the religious subtext and catervailing.

Much pondering has lead me to the conclusion that I'm not obsessing per se. I've merely reached a point in my life where I have discovered the perfect music and really, truly don't need to listen to anything else. I'm done. I can look you in eyes with the kind of offsetting stare indicative of murderers and federal NDP candidates and tell you that Tommy February⁶ satisfies every single musical need that I have in my body. Who needs other music when you've found something so close to perfection that everything else seems so boring?

Tommy February⁶ is the project of Kawase Tomoko. She has put out two albums and several singles under the Tommy February⁶ persona. It is a persona. There's no disguising that her day job so-to-speak is with a band called The Brilliant Green where she is joined by her husband. She also spends time in another side project called Tommy Heavenly⁶ but that's a little too Avril for me to feel comfortable talking about. Let's move on.

Tommy is a hard sell in North America. It's difficult to say if the Western world is ready for shimmering late-'80s style dance pop as opposed to the current crop of ultra-slutty R'n'B tinged pop. I could make arguments on the entire Britney vs. Christina debate but I'll save that for another article. Go B!tney!

Tommy February⁶ is more closely aligned with other classic pop acts. I'm talking Bananarama. I'm talking Debbie Gibson. I'm fucking talking "Locomotion"-era Kylie and not in the ironic, sauc-cool Electroclash '80s throwback kind of way. Fuck that noise. No, this music is for people who think that Belinda Carlisle was better off without those Go-Go's and that Debbie Gibson was a child prodigy (She was. Look it up.) I really need to sit you down and make you listen to "Heaven on Earth" or better yet Tommy February's "Je t'aime". Trust me, you'll come around.

Some may disparage this type of pop music as vacuous and insipid. Well, like, duh! Of course it is. That's why it's so much fun. Stop taking yourself too seriously. Even respected pop-tunesmith Stephen Merritt's favourite band is Abba which I'm sure he listens to quite obsessively when not composing Chinese operas.

Full Disclosure: I'm ashamed to say that you can't get Tommy February⁶ at any local record store in Vancouver and it's certainly not for a lack of trying on my part.

I do my best to extoll the virtues of Tommy to all I meet, from having sit-down video watching sessions to starting impromptu dance parties. In fact, I was the jackass who spent damn near 75 dollars of grocery money to import her latest record, so I'm teasing you with the inaccessible while I eat beans for the fifth time this week. No, you can't have a copy of the album. And get your fucking eyes off my beans.

You will also not be able to see Tommy February⁶ playing at any venue around town, or around this country for that matter. One would think that someone studios and obsessed enough would take it upon himself or herself to arrange such a thing. I'm sure there are people out there who would like to do so. Don't look at me: I'm too busy playing online backgammon against "Poopie Paddlewack25" and "SooperDooop46". It would be a treat though.

Arguments against Tommy February⁶

The Japanese always do weird shit like this.

Counter: Japan can churn out crappy music as well as any Eurovision participant. In fact, in conjunction with Korea and Hong Kong they are the undisputed kings of the crappy power ballad. Don't believe me; go to any Asian restaurant on Robson. The trick is to filter the garbage (Ayumi Hamasaki, M-Flo) from the good (Sugar Plant, Luminous Orange).

Only creepy, basement-dwelling anime nerds are into this.

Counter: Okay, yes I'll relent on this point but it's only valid in North America. However, I believe that Tommy February⁶ has the ability to move beyond this questionable demographic and into far greater musical scope ranked up there with such contemporaries as Bananarama and Mitsou.

This is some sort of Asian fetish thing, right? I mean, fuck, she has cheerleaders and wears a school uniform!

Counter: No, no, no, no, no, no. My admiration of beautiful and talented women are not confined by things such things as geography and race. Suffice to say, I believe that there are a disproportionate amount of talented women to men. And, no, this isn't a desperate bid to curry favour with the fairer sex. My desperation leads me to a far more creative methodology.

Arguments for Tommy February⁶

This is the perfect irony-free party music.

If you absolutely, one-hundred percent have to get the party started right now may I suggest, "Hey Bad Boy!" off

her debut album or perhaps "Magic in your eyes" from Tommy Airline. Ears will perk up, toes will tap, and yes, asses will shake. To test this theory, I streamed a select few Tommy February⁶ songs over to the DISORDER office during the production of last month's issue (Attention litigious record company execs. I imported the album. Fuck off.) and I have it on very good authority that they danced like motherfuckers when "Magic in your eyes" came on. Often times in sync. In fact, it was through these non-stop dance sessions that I was commissioned to write this piece as it is deemed that I am an authority on these types of things. Really.

The videos are great if not fantastic.

They are also they most fucking surreal things I've ever seen: intergalactic break-dancers, ex-pat cheerleaders, telephones that turn into cake, and wildlife completely out of context. Dear God! Why did that cheerleader just explode?

I recently came across some live footage while Tomoko was touring her first album and almost stopped breathing in mid-download. Dear god, it was the most spectacular thing I have ever seen in my entirely inconsequential life. I, of course, gathered everyone under duress and made them watch it. Reactions ranged from aghast to overwhelmingly happy. Oddly, some people were fixated upon her glasses and the fact that very few prominent female musicians wear glasses (with the exception of Lisa Loeb and a few others). I tried to counter by saying that they were actually non-prescription and part of her costume and besides, singer-songwriters aren't real musicians anyways. **D**



Ladies just wanna have fun (without the irony)!

Eric Skilling is alive and well and living in Vancouver. He spends his evenings alone, has problems with commitment and ugly toes. He runs a website which can be seen at:

www.flashcube.org

FAREWELL



KAT SIDDLE

Mr. Lady, one of my favourite indie labels, is calling it quits this June. Let us have a moment of silence, please.
... [indicates silence]

Mr. Lady managed to survive for eight years. While it never became as successful as established Indies K Records or Kill Rock Stars, this queer-feminist label led the way when it came to releasing music that was as politically significant as it was danceable.

Back in 1996, Tammy Roe Carland (a videographer and photographer) and her girlfriend Kala Wilson (formerly of Team Dresch and now the Butchies) noticed a lack of women and dyke-run record labels. They also felt that there was a limited amount of affordable and accessible means for artists to distribute their work. So they decided to do something about it. They started a business bank account by depositing \$37 in cheques made out to "Mr. Lady", and a record label was born.

Mr. Lady Records and Videos was overtly and deliberately political from the start. Most of the bands on or distributed by the San Francisco label were queer and/or feminist. Dusty Lombardo (who replaced Wilson as Carland's business partner some time ago) cites financial reasons for the death of Mr. Lady: "The music industry has become a really difficult place to try and make a living." The label hopes to go out on a positive note, however: "Our biggest hope is that in leaving the label we will open up another door for someone else to walk through. We are hoping to transform the website [www.mrlady.com] into a resource point for people. We'll try and map out how to start a label and also give links to all the fabulous people we've gotten to work with. This label was started by two people (and the support of a large community) which means with a little determination it could still be possible."

Undoubtedly, Mr. Lady's best-known act is the label's former flagship band, *The Tigres*. Composed of JD Sampson, Kathleen Hanna, and Johanna Fateman, this well-read trio taps into equal amounts of activism and electro pop to create explosive lo-fi fun. Obsessed with community as well as music, they list all their gear on their website (www.jeltigreworld.com), hoping to encourage more "feminist electronic bands." Fortunately for us, *The Tigres* has survived Mr. Lady. Surprisingly, they've moved to a major label: *Strummer/Universal*, the imprint run by former Capitol president Gary Gersh that is also home to the *Manic Street Preachers* and *The Rapture*. According to *Billboard.com*, a new album can be expected in August or September, and may include two tracks recorded with producer Ric Ocasek. Other tracks are being engineered by Nick Sansano, best known for his work on Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation*.

The Tigres was scheduled to play Lollapalooza in Auburn, Washington, but, according to pitchforkmedia.com, the festival has been cancelled due to poor ticket sales. (What the hell? Since when do quality acts like PJ Harvey, The Flaming Lips, The Polyphonic Spree, Morrissey, The Rapture and Modest Mouse mean low ticket sales? This is becoming a very depressing article.) Now you'll just have to go see them with fellow Lollapalooziers Sonic Youth in Portland on July 15, cause they ain't coming here any time soon. **D**



SUICIDE GIRLESQUE

Crystal Reid

"It's over. Reality is that men won't wait that long for you to take off your clothes. Before, there was no question of men coming near enough to put money in your garter, but now, with TV and everything, people would rather see lap dancing, which is almost like the opposite of striptease." —Dixie Evans

Flip to the back pages of this week's *Georgia Straight*, and you'll find ads for *Miss Busty Brunette*, *Asian Doll*, and *Sexy She-Wife*, among others. Walk down Granville Street downtown and you'll pass 25-cent Peep Shows, "arcades" that don't cater to anyone under 18, and sex shops offering 50% off your new inflatable girlfriends. Of course, you don't even need to leave your house if you don't want to: there's plentiful free porn available, as long as you've got a computer, and if a little skin is what you're looking for, just flip to *Much Music*. But what if you're longing for something that's a bit more sexy and a little less sex? What if you're left dreaming of feather fans, elaborate costumes, tantalizing glimpses, the glimmer of sequins and smiling girls?

There is still hope. *The Burlesque Revival* has taken hold in Vancouver. Troupes like the *Fluffgirls*, *Empire Burlesque* and *Sweet Soul Burlesque* are all aimed at keeping the female body seductive and exciting. Last summer our fair city was treated to *Burlesquest* starring Miss D'Lish, whose props included an oversized birdcage, champagne glass and silver spider web. This month brings us still more action, as Vancouver's own *Ultra Vixens* Peep Show performs July 10 at the Marine Club. This is followed by the *Suicide Girls*, who reveal their version of burlesque at the Mesa Luna July 14.

Lauded for its "alternative" (ie, blue-haired, tattooed or pierced) approach to porn, and its interactive

web community, www.suicidegirls.com has seen a lot of hype. The *Suicide Girls* are sexy, be sure of that. But I'm not sure if they're really tease.

The thing is, I've already seen their tits and asses on the website. So I guess audience members who've seen the site should rule out that expectation of the tease. But what does burlesque have over regular stripping if not the tease? Better costumes? More exciting props? We must for a moment consider Lily St. Cyr, one of the most famous burlesque stars of the fifties. Her most notorious and scandalous act was a reverse striptease which started in a bubble bath, and climaxed with her actually putting her clothes on. The audience didn't get everything. Rather, they got brief snippets and tantalizing suggestions. In other words, a striptease.

Third wave feminists like me revere burlesque icons like Lily St. Cyr, Tempest Storm and Dixie Evans. More empowered than other models of femininity at the time, these girls shine out as alluring celebrations of female sexuality. Being a size 1 was not a requirement for burlesque; instead, it was focused on quick wit and stage presence. The dancers were empowered, happy women; you can see it in their smiles. Each dancer had a personality. Each dance was a story. Nobody was reduced to a pair of breasts and an ass. Naturally the burlesque revival seems like a marvellous opportunity to delight in female sexuality.

Yet it raises the question: is it possible for modern day dancers to tease and not exhibit their asses and boobs? In a world where sex is mundane, where naked-nudity is commonplace, just teasing certainly won't be easy. Yet, as cheered on strippers who, in their memoirs, described their resistance to doing the full spread when it became all

the rage, I want to cheer on the *Suicide Girls* to be erotic and exhilarating without putting it all out there. I'm bored with just breasts and ass. I don't want to see them. I want the tantalizing possibility of catching a glimpse. It would be sexy. Admittedly this is a lot to ask for. After all, even the *Burlesque* revival headlines Miss D'Lish and Dita Van Tesse go down to just a g-string.

This is what makes the burlesque revival a new incarnation of burlesque. Audiences are no longer left wanting more: they've seen it all by the end of the show. This is tragic, as the tease is a very special art form, while nakedness is available on Granville Street next to plastic dolls. In the back pages of your *Georgia Straight* next to the personals, and Hell, even at the next *Courtney Love* show. Naked is not automatically sexy.

So if you're nostalgic for the days when pasties were outrageous and only on stage briefly, if you feel like being teased, rent an old Irving Klaw movie, like *Varietease* or *Teagame*. You won't see any boobs, but you will be treated to some amazing, tempting feases, done by the true stars of burlesque. Still, don't condemn the *Suicide Girls* for a society which demands to see everything. The show will surely be an enjoyable, theatrical spectacle. As the website declares, "THE ABSOLUTE BEST TIME YOU CAN HAVE WITH EIGHT GIRLS, FIVE FIREARMS AND FIVE BOTTLES OF CHOCOLATE SAUCE."

Go enjoy the striped stockings and the tattooed girls. Touring burlesque shows are few and far between in Vancouver. But if you're looking for sexy I would put my money on opener *The Gossip*. These guys pound out raw, primal blues-punk like nothin' else. You can catch them at 6pm and the *Suicide Girls* *Burlesque Tour* at 9pm at the Mesa Luna on July 14th. **D**



MUTEK

MINIMALISM, NOISE AND ATTITUDE—A MANUSCRIPT FOR MUTEK 2004 [2.0] TOBIAS C. VAN VEEN

FAQ—Montréal's Mutek is an international festival of experimental electronic music in its fifth year, consistently curating in an intimate environment. That said, nothing is beyond examination...

Submerged

Responses to this year's Mutek are mixed like an absynthe martini. Love it or hate it, Mutek 2004 was the most organized, quality production so far. The acts displayed a level of professionalism which was almost unbecoming. 2003 was the peak year, the entrance of Mutek into the global arena where it asserted its nodal status in a network of festival cultures. Mutek's fingers reached South America and Europe as the crew travelled worldwide...

Over the past five years, Mutek has grown. New issues have arisen as the assembly rolls like a juggernaut. Whether through the panels—which were insightful, thoughtful and articulate, blending questions of culture, the arts and industry—or in the talk that pervades the rounds of drinks and sleep deprivation, a sense of angst drifted alongside the sickness.

Distributors and labels have gone bankrupt; the digitization of music and its dissemination remain unresolved; sampling and property law are hazy for both labels and artists; costs are rising; and the unspoken question—is there still an audience?—haunts every utterance. More artists than ever vented against the current United States administration. Unsurprisingly, more questions were raised than answered...

Where is this globalizing, "digital culture" heading? Can the hand-wringing over distribution and pressing costs be translated into a broader cultural recognition of economic and political issues that exceeds the music biz? Can this self-proscribed

cutting-edge unsheath its knives to slice through the "slick" veil that has circumscribed almost all reflection on these issues in the "electronic music journalism" press? Or will this niche forever remain wrapped in its nibbling, unaware of its art histories? If it thinks it is through sound, and it is through sound/projects that encounter time, Time where digital culture is able to ponder its own death.

Weather Report: Fragments

Mutek always hits with the heat, but this year it dropped with thunder and drizzled the downpour. Its been a slow creep into a week that has snuck up with punch. What would Mutek be like this year? With the late line-up announcement, where are we at with the digeratti, the mountain of avant-garde electronic music and culture at 4 dots into the 21C?

Chessmachine: Richard Chartier and COH (Ivan Pavlov). The game: pink vs. blue. Sonic chess. Microscopic to noise. Moves and parries. At this point, sound has become conceptual: the entirety of the performance mimes Duchamp's chess game in New York, on the arch above the park. Low rumbles and hard hits from Pavlov; complex rhythms and strategies from Chartier. Increasing frustration as Pavlov gets up from his chair. Deadpan, in his blue. Chartier, in his pink. Each with a coloured flag, hitting the chess timer with a mark of combat and a gentleman's agreement.

Crammed into the SAT yesterday, for the Thinkbox Collective from Windsor/Detroit, unwinding to the melodic loops of techno in the breaking afternoon. Ah, techno. Forget pop—all of pop's offerings are exciting only insofar as its horizons are clear. Pop will and can mutate. But pop's strain is a horizon that says: here I am, singing that same ol' song.

"Is that what people in the Civil Rights movement died for... to dance around in malls?"

—Herbert on Fat Boy Slim's sampling of a Civil Rights song.

The debates are stirring on the sampling panel. John Oswald throwing down the history. Jason Forrest, a.k.a. Donna Summer, with the straight-up take-no-prisoners aesthetic, apparently through the perspective of semiotics. Herbert, arguing for the sampling-of-the-world, with a political edge that slices into sampling the works of others—why sample other music when we can sample anything? Mark Quail, sound lawyer, instructing all on how it works. Stefan Betke (aka Pole): let the artist do what the artist does.

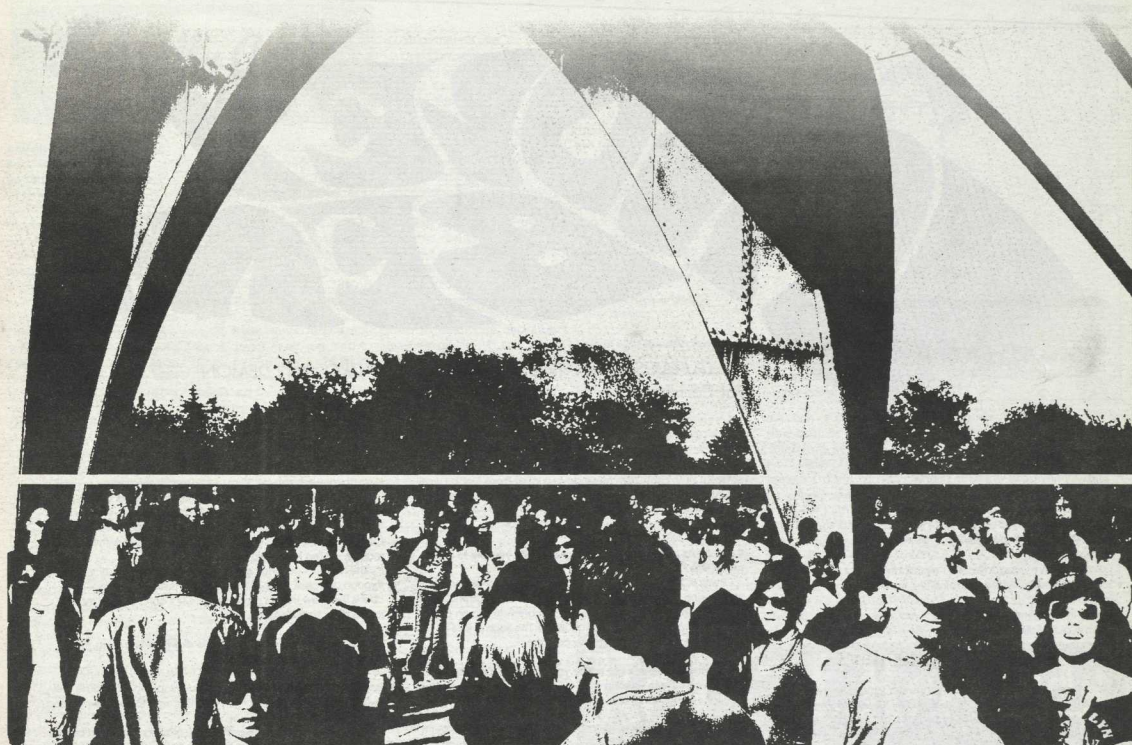
End to End, Techno Again

From here sleep deprivation begins to strip everyone of the ability to comprehend basic logic. Just yesterday I was saying: Mutek needs some pounding hard techno. And they did it at this free cinq-a-sept. Lead on into the world of Mike Shannon and Jay Hunsberger, and Montréal's Martin Dumais. But also the energetic house of Daniel Gardner, aka Fivolaus, ex-Vancouverite, who in a chef hat, rocked the piano chords in a set that damn deserves the title—live.

Recycled Plastic: [CTRL]

Rewind nine years: Plastikman live, 1995. Transcendence.

As expectations were astronomical it follows that disappointment was inevitable. For the record, Hawtin had two technical difficulties—his earphones kept bugging out, and his visuals were not working. Yet one felt that this new technological beast he had created, this jet plane of gear surrounding his



identity on three sides, was not the graceful, agile bird he so desired. A jumbo jet on the verge of ballet... or crash-landing. Talking with Hawtin later, he mused on the metaphor of flying the music. It must be understood that Hawtin was playing an entirely new instrument, not only for the world's air traffic control, but for him. No autopilot in this [CTRL]. While the minimalist intensity of Hawtin's compositions were as strict as to be expected, the flightplan was unclear. Where were we going through this stratosphere of rumbled bass? Where had we been? And why?

Is Hawtin the new Bowie with his identity sequences, a cult of personality? Does the look echo louder than the sound? It is only with the deepest of bows that any questions are posed, and it is only in light of the proposition set forth by Hawtin that we join him on his aerial journeys, head bent forward in the crash position, speaker-worshipping until the wheels touch on alien planets.

Metropolis all night, all night, all night, WHAT THE FUCK, all night all night all—

Saturday—time for movement and body gyrations. A stunning, all-night visual arrangement in bright colours and 2-dimensional overlays, introduced an intimacy to this otherwise overbearing space. Unfortunately the process of getting into the venue was disrupted by the harangues of security forces. Because yes, ladies and gentlemen, this was a "rave" which means dumping everything out of your pockets. Despite a press pass it took some convincing to bring in my digital camera—a ridiculous conversation given that this is festival is about digital culture and that security should stick to its job: looking for weapons.

Saturday night was a good night. Fax was playing as we entered, unfortunately a bit lost in a venue this size. Egg launched into their cartoonish beats, which have developed significantly over their earlier work. Kind of like Cirque du Soleil: there is something about it that screams "only in Québec"—men in red leotards leaping around with weird wings on their back is one thing, and Egg is another.

The Rip Off Artist—while beginning on the cut-up, Mr. Artist settled into his Californian groove, lending a four-de-force of glitch, sampledelia, microsampling and microhouse that gestured toward the future of the art. The Rip Off Artist picks up where Akufen left off, and the result is admirable, danceable, invigorating and surprising. Much the same can be said of Krikor and Isolée. Isolée's set was an acid revival rewind that also saw a remix of Ricardo Villalobos's "Easy Lee." Krikor was all rewind on the analogue gear, cracking out mid-performance, calling for inventive MIDI stop/start techniques. At one point, sitting up on the balcony, I turned to some acid freaks and said: "Krikor has achieved what Plastikman attempted."

If only the same could be said for "Donna Summer"—sorry, Jason Forrest. Or is it "Jason Forrest," a.k.a., Donna Summer? One or the other, Forrest/Summer needs both names to pull together his noisy, ramshackle mash-ups stolen from '70s and '80s pop and rock music. And what he gets here he deserves.

When a performer comes on and says "FUCK YOU" to the audience, throwing water bottles and attitude, knocking other performer's gear in his onstage failings, then a similar response is only to be expected from the audience, which booed Summer Forrest steadily toward the end. Poor programming—unless the curatorial intent was the ultimate destruction of the festival, a nagging feeling I couldn't shake by the end of Sunday night.

To finish—because the rest of the night was dreaming. Crackhaus, the Steve Beupré + Scott Montiel duo, rocked the house. Crackhaus is perverse: the construction of complicated sequences of percussion amidst loopy samples. Yelling "MORE FARM SOUNDS," most of us cracked a rib and pulled a groin dancing to this barnyard techno jig.

Sunday Smoke

Sunday afternoon, we go to Piknik Electronic on the island to drink and smoke the pain away on the giant modernist sculpture spays the sun above our heads. On the soundsystem, m_nus label cohorts and Herbert. By now I'm at the level of most

vegetation on the island: murky, fighting for breath, crawling...

No matter. For now, Vancouver's Loscil is playing sonar to the depths of dub techno. With a twist—tonight's theme is instrumentation, be it sampled in Loscil's case, or played as live electronic jazz. Either way it's the perfect re-entry into the atmosphere of the black box. Burnt Friedman with Jaki Liebezelt (ex-Can drummer) is a lounge spectacular with the brush of indie fame. In the presence of wired history, a sampling of time as the rhythms unwind.

After much weirdness—this strange man offered me mosquito netting for my DV cam—Jamie Lidell, the human beatbox machine, anti-christ, apocalyptic harbringer, and mad genius, his video camera strapped to his head.

Jamie Lidell studied philosophy, helped found of infamous techno label Subhead, formed Super Collider with Cristian Vogel. Interviews indicate that he works only under pressure, critiques himself relentlessly, tells the world to fuck off when he wants. Onstage his mouth and resampling techniques send speakers into frequencies approaching the heart-attack level. The windows are flexing and I cover my ears and prepare for the worst. It gets so much better it is worse, which is to say, it gets louder.

If ever the word has been abused, Jamie Lidell can claim it now. Deconstruction. There is not nothing left after Lidell. This is not the end of music. This is the phoenix, the fire, the ashes, all at once, in no particular order. This is the remake. Pure, unfettered, unfiltered expression. Expression. Violence. The machinic aesthetic fed back into the head of a certain human, and this inhuman stretching his guts to accommodate the entire room, the SAT, the street, the park, Montréal, Québec, North America, the world. Taking it all back in through all the wrong orifices that somehow feel so right. I am in love with Jamie Lidell's fist.

Mutek is over. Repeat. **D**

<http://www.zed.cbc.ca/mutek> — 2004 video, text, photos
<http://www.dustedmagazine.com/> — full feature

RIDLEY BENT

GUITAR SLINGIN' (WEED SMOKIN', ACID DROPPIN') DEMON
Val Cormier

I'm Johnny Cash when I'm drinkin',
I'm the Clash when I'm thinkin'

I'm Mad Max when I'm drivin',
I'm Mike Diamond when I'm rhym'n'

I'm Humphrey Bogart when I'm smokin',
I'm Bob Marley when I'm tokin'

And in bed when I'm dreamin'
I'm a guitar singin' demon.

From "Suicidewinder" by Ridley Bent

When I mentioned East Van songwriter Ridley Bent recently to a friend, she replied: "Oh, yeah, Ridley. Every song he writes is about pot!" An exaggeration perhaps, but hasn't it been said that you should write what you know?

A master storyteller, Ridley combines elements of country, folk, reggae, hip hop, and more into what he calls "hick hop". Think Buck 65 if he were to get into a dust-up with a young John Prime out behind the Cobalt.

Ridley's already set up with a manager, a Toronto-based agent, and a Chin Injeti-produced CD, soon to be released on MapleMusic. Some primo recent opening spots for the likes of Sam Roberts, Great Big Sea, Danny Michel, and a tour with Buck 65 likely indicate his days of living under the local musical radar are numbered.

DISCORDER met up with Ridley in the W.I.S.E. Hall lounge during the NHL playoffs.

DISCORDER: Is it true you used to play baseball with Buck 65 when you lived in Halifax years ago?

Ridley: We talked about that when we were on tour together. We played ball with some of the same people, so maybe, just maybe, we played against each other. I don't know.

How was that tour?

It was awesome! Nanaimo was just a rockin' show. We did 4 shows together: Nelson, Whistler, Nanaimo, Victoria. Of those, Nelson was the best.

Your bio says you grew up as an army brat.

My dad was an airframe tech. I was born in Nova Scotia, where he was stationed in Shearwater, working on helicopters on the boats. Then we moved to Germany, and he was working on the planes over there. Then we moved back to Canada. I remember Europe as being such a great place. School trips to Amsterdam... [laughs] Moving around being an army brat sucked in a lot of ways, but I did get to go to Europe when I was a teenager, and that was fun.

What bands do you like listening to?

Corb Lund Band, they're just a rockin' band. I like Wilco, I like Hank Williams a lot, Jim Croce, Willie Nelson. I like a lot of

different stuff. Elliot Smith these days, a lot of Frank Black. I was just introduced to Elliot Smith by a roommate, and I think he's awesome. I've also been listening to Fountains of Wayne, P.J. Harvey.

If you could collaborate with anyone, who'd you like to make music with?

Frank Black is at the top of my list. I'd love to sit with Veal, they're one of my favourite bands. Danny Michel, got to know him, he's another guy I'd like to collaborate with. Aaron Grant, a guy in town who's unbelievably good. The Seams, Rae Spoon —everyone on the tractorgrease.com site.

I remember being at a gig where you introduced a song by saying you'd been reading a lot of Louis L'Amour lately. Did he influence your writing, and who else has?

I was a security guard, so I could read a lot. The easiest books for me to read at work were fast-paced action westerns, so I read a lot of them. I have a couple of songs where he was a big influence. Also John Steinbeck—I do one song, "Fruit Pickers," which is basically a musical version of his book in *Dubious Battle*. I tried to tell that story using rhymes. And Quentin Tarantino is one of my favourite storytellers of all time. *Kill Bill* just raised the bar. I loved it. I'd love to collaborate with that guy!

How long have you been writing?

Maybe 6 years or so. I moved here about 4 years ago to pursue a music career. At that time, what it meant was doing open mics, trying to meet people on the scene. Before that I was in Whistler. I can remember writing the very beginnings of my song "Bad Day" in Whistler.

Do you remember the very first song you wrote?

It was called "As Sweet As Morphine". I used to play it live, but I don't anymore. I also remember I wrote a poem for the yearbook in high school, it was about Duran Duran and Iron Maiden.

What's your upcoming album going to be like?

There's songs on there like "Black Lexus," "Gunslinging Dog," "Rattlesnake Moonshine," "The Devil in Collarance." The album has programmed beats, live drummers. There's some sweet players and wicked talent on the album. What I've been doing live is my acoustic set, mostly, so it's a lot different than that. When I envision my live show in the future, it's going to be very close to the record, but with live musicians. When I opened for Sam Roberts at the Commodore, I played with a band. That was my first and only experience so far with really rocking, being really loud. That was really a good experience for me, and I'd like to be able to do that every night.

How did you originally hook up with your producer Chin Injeti?

BC Festival of the Arts a few years ago. I sent my songs in, and if they like your songs, they give you a free course on songwriting. I had two mentors: one was Mae Moore, and the other was Chin

Injeti. There were maybe 25 of us chosen for the course.

Chin and I hit it off, and started working together right away. We did a couple of demos, "Pastures of Heaven" and "Suicidewinder". They sounded wicked, so we decided to work together and create a CD. He also hooked me up with his manager, Allen Moy, who's now my manager.

The record's coming out on MapleMusic, which is distributed through Universal. A new thing with Universal that I think is really cool is that now there's a price cap. CD's can't be any more than \$15, or something like that.

Sounds like a response to that whole downloading thing. What are your thoughts on that issue?

To me, the more people listening to my music, the better. Especially if they're enjoying it and downloading it because they love it, you know? Then I think, yeah, if I come to your town then you'll come and see me!

I have heard that some people are playing my stuff at places where they work, and I like that. That's good to hear.

Looking into your future, what do you see yourself doing?

We really want to get lots of live [video] footage on our website, www.tractorgrease.com. Me, my band, my friends' bands have all got together and made a webpage. I have these friends who are incredibly talented and we figured this would be a great way to get the word out about them.

So is this instead of making videos for broadcast on TV?

No, I'd like to do that, too. The thing is, a video will get made, I'm sure—at least one. Even if Much Music doesn't play it, we'll be able to put it up on tractorgrease.com. I would like to see my song "In the Trunk of a Black Lexus" on video. That would be my vote.

Would you consider what you do folk music?

I do consider it folk music. I know the record doesn't sound "folky," but I'd love to play folk festivals. When I do my stuff on an acoustic guitar, it sounds very folk. Storytelling, you know? The lyrics are definitely important, so it's always a better show when people are listening.

I have noticed a lot of your songs are about marijuana. Would it be fair to say there's an autobiographical element in your writing?

[laughs] Well, "David Harley's Son," for instance, is complete creation, a fantasy. It's all about pop culture: drinking, smokin' weed, droppin' acid, dain' mushrooms. I have something to say, I guess, and I try to make it as entertaining as possible. ■

Ridley's next shows are in Chilliwack July 8 (with the Seams, J.

Kleiss and Relic's Jetboat) and July 9 at the W.I.S.E. Hall (opening for Austin, TX band The Gounds).

www.tractorgrease.com

Textually Active

And My Shoes Keep Walking Back to You

By Kathi Kamen Goldmark
Chronicle Books

Grab your detective cap! Dig out your tweed coat and your notebook! Bring a pipe, if you must. And don't forget a magnifying glass—we have a mystery to solve!

First, the evidence: Kathi Kamen Goldmark's first novel. This chick-lit-meets-honky-tonk story about struggling country singer Sarah Jean Pixie comes complete with lyrics. It's TERRIBLE. It's really not a good book at all. Goldmark's characterization stretches to reach one dimension, particularly with the minor characters. This isn't helped by her irritatingly self-conscious depiction of the music scene. "Look, we're a bunch of wacky musicians! We're so CRAZY!" Everybody's wacky, and not much else. The plot is as contrived as the characters, ticking along as regularly (and predictably) as clockwork. Some heavy issues are introduced, but treated so shallowly that unexpected pregnancy, childbirth and single motherhood come off as no big deal. If you find the novel funny, you could probably ignore all these flaws and be entertained in a beach-book sort of way. For me, the humour collapsed under its own obviousness, but I do have one friend who found the story amusing.

And now for the mystery: the back cover and first page of this book are covered—covered!—in glowing flattery from respected writers and critics. The phrase "dazzling force de force" is used. Even if you thought the book was funny, it should hardly garner this kind of praise.

So, junior detectives, let us get to the heart of this puzzle. There are a few possible reasons for all this: 1) Chronicle Books have more problems with typos than the DISORDER. 2) Nobody actually read the book before reviewing it. 3) All the reviewers are smoking crack, or 4) Goldmark has friends in high places.

Searching on the internet for more information on the author, I discovered that Goldmark is, in fact, the founder of the Rock Bottom Reminders, a publishing-world musical supergroup whose members include Amy Tan, Dave Barry, Molly Ivins,

and Stephen King. So you're in a band with a bunch of well-known writers, huh? This would point to conclusion 4), except that I want to give everyone else the benefit of the doubt. So I'm going to settle on conclusion 5) Goldmark is blackmailing everyone in the publishing industry. Junior detectives, our mystery is solved!

P.S. If you wanna read a real book about musicians, find a copy of *Guilty of Everything* by local punk John Armstrong, published by Vancouver indie press New Star Books. It's a thousand times funnier and totally unpredictable. Plus it's all true! Honestly, I don't know why this memoir of Vancouver's late great punk rock scene isn't a cult classic.

-Kat

Dark Light: Electricity and Anxiety from the Telegraph to the X-Ray

Linda Simon
Paul Vermeersch Books

Linda Simon sets out to tell the story of how electricity and specific electrical devices developed, were introduced to the market and received with varying degrees of enthusiasm. She also seeks to discuss how people feared these new inventions and discoveries before eventually accepting them into daily life.

While *Dark Light* is well written, interesting and amusing, Simon unfortunately uses a writing style that leaves much unfinished and unexplained. Her background is in writing biographies where this sort of serial anecdotal style can work well, but writing histories requires a little more coherence. There were some very interesting sections that stopped abruptly in the middle of things, and then jumped to something else not clearly related.

The author does give an overview of many Victorian anxieties regarding electricity, but many issues this raised are left unanswered. For example, if people were so freaked out by the idea of alternating current after it was used in the first electric chair execution, how did they come to accept it enough that A/C power is now the primary mode of household electricity? Conversely, there are other tangential sections that never really get to the central theme or tied back to the plot, in so

much as there is one.

Dark Light seems particularly fractured in Part III, before ending as abruptly as some of its sections do. It is sorely in need of a conclusion to tie all the loose ends together and address some of those unfinished trains of thought.

Also, in the introduction Simon states these fears about electricity were the same sort of thing as our fears about cloning and genetically modified crops. It would have been nice to address how the electricity fears subsided. Did people decide they were unfounded? Did they just get used to electricity and stop thinking about it? And if so, were any of the original fears founded on real issues that have not been resolved? Concerns about power lines and cancer rates come to mind here.

While the book was an enjoyable read as snapshots of history, it really didn't go any deeper than a superficial treatment (and sometimes outright sidestepping) of the issues it purports to address. -Drake

The Fat Kid Paul Vermeersch ECW Press

Obesity is central issue for modern Canadians. We're affected both physically and mentally; people of all shapes and sizes suffer crippling insecurity about their appearance at the same time as obesity wreaks havoc upon people's quality of life. The problem is a double-edged sword: heavier people deserve support rather than shaming, and at the same time the issue needs to be critically examined and combated.

In this tragic battle, the casualties are those already most afflicted, overweight people themselves. Toronto poet Paul Vermeersch's verse narrative describes the tragic life and times of a fat kid growing up in the hinterland of Canadian suburbia. With Dickensian transparency, the protagonist is named Calvin Little. Calvin is easy to empathize with; we cry along with him through sweaty fumbles in changing rooms, high-school ritual torture, and the development of a bona fide eating disorder. Vermeersch's writing is clear and powerful. For example, at the outset of Calvin's eating disorder: "The days will pass like picking daisies once / you get accustomed, learn / not to listen to the voice in your limbs, the lactic moans / pleading for the end." Amen, brother.

However, ideologically,

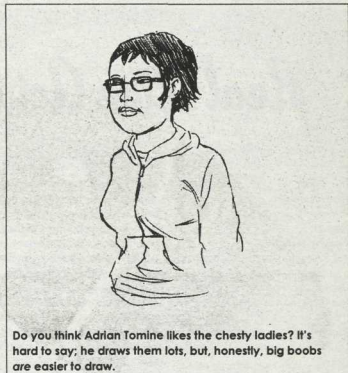
the book falls slightly short. Focussing sheerly on Calvin's emotional torture, Vermeersch ignores the genuine physical cost of obesity. His villains are the advertisers and fashion designers, who are evil to be sure, but doubly so when teamed with the food processors and marketers who seduce us with health-destroying fat and sugar. Regardless of its flaws, the *fat kid* should be required reading in high-school English classes. Listen up, B.C. school districts, it's time to replace all those copies of *The Outsiders*! -Susy Webb

Scrapbook, Uncollected Work: 1990-2004

By Adrian Tomine
Drawn & Quarterly Publications

There are so many reasons to like Adrian Tomine. This tremendously gifted artist's distinctive, immediately engaging style encapsulates everyday ennui, a difficult thing to do. He contributes to a number of prestigious magazines and has done work for a number of great bands.

Unfortunately, his new book (the one I'm trying to review) is \$36. Should you get it? If you're a fan of Tomine's *Optic Nerve* comic series, you'll probably dig this book. It has



Do you think Adrian Tomine likes the chesty ladies? It's hard to say; he draws them lots, but, honestly, big boobs are easier to draw.

a bunch of one-page comics (the best of which includes "Dormitory Regret" and "My First Girlfriend"), album art that Tomine's done for everyone from the Sotties to The Bells to The Aisler's Set. It also collects a bunch of drawings Tomine did for *The New Yorker* (mostly to do with movies), *Esquire* and (ack!) *YM*. It's enjoyable to see the way Tomine deals with various subject matters and styles. Tomine also includes his sketchbook, which confirms his

obsession with pretty girls. So, fans out there, if you're feeling flush or if you have a birthday coming up, *Scrapbook* is a lot of fun.

If, on the other hand, you're not really familiar with Tomine, I'd recommend seeking out his *Optic Nerve* comic series. They're only \$5 a pop and reading one is a great way to spend a summer afternoon. Oh my god, I'm such a hack. -Duncan

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Real Live Action

The Roots w/ Skiziz, Jean Grae, Marlin Luther
Thievery Corporation
May 28
Plaza of Nations

A 7:30pm start on a Friday evening is a tough task for any band to undertake. That, coupled with the fact that hip hoppers dominated the crowd, didn't really help **Thievery Corporation** get the audience it deserves. That pisses me off.

Musically, **The Roots** and **Thievery** are not TOO far off, but one had to be curious about the mix of crowds. As I got there, **Thievery** was kicking "Facing East," with their band of 6 musicians (drummer, percussionist, bassist, star/guitar with Rob on labtop and Eric on decks) with Pam Blicher on vocals. Lou Lou also did a couple songs, followed by Jah Roots and Zeebo AKA See-I in tandem.

As the sun went down, the **Roots** took the stage. The last **Roots** show, in Feb. 2003, didn't live up to my expectations, but this one blew that notion outta my dome as they took off right where "The Seed" took them on their last album: Rockin' away from the hip hop jazz sphere and just jamming with up tempo, funky, broader shit. The middle portion was more standard hip hop, with the other okay **Players/Playettes** hoppin' in with the band.

Then **Black Thought** did his rendition of **Dave Chapelle's** "I'm Rick James, bitch" skit, then proceeded to do "The Seed" over "Super Freak" (I shit you not). Each musician did a solo that showed hip hop audiences what "concerts" consist of (the guitarist went straight "roots") and did a blues guitar solo and proceeded to give the Vancouver audience a blues version of "Summer of 69". Seriously, I shit you not again!).

After the **Composers/Thievery Corporation** (THE live "electronic" act), the **Roots** (THE live hip hop act) and **Talib Kweil** later that night at the Commodore (w/ **Black Thought, Jean Grae, and Skiziz** hoppin' in) has to be one of the most memorable nights for shows in this town, period.

Boon Kondo

The Decembris
Long Winters
May 28
Richards on Richards

Despite a late start resulting in an extremely brief set, opening act the **Long Winters** were underlined in thrusting their melodic rock upon the sparse **Richards** on **Richards** audience. The Seattle band have a sound similar to

Bull to Spill but with cleaner guitars, less pretentious lyrics, and refreshing vocal harmonies that come courtesy of bassist Eric Corson. Lead singer John Roderick's between-song humour, most of which was centered on the lack of enthusiasm shown by the audience, was often more engaging than his band's music. Unoriginally aside, the **Long Winters** had a tight performance and successfully primed the minuscule crowd for **Portland's The Decembris**.

The mid-tempo "Lesley Anne Levine", from 2002's *Castaways and Cutouts*, heralded the beginning of a wildly eclectic and shamefully short performance. The opening song featuring the skilled accordion playing of keyboardist Jenny Conlee, and foreshadowed the diversity of instruments to be featured on stage. A xylophone, an electric twelve-string guitar, a mandolin, and a gong cymbal all found their place in the nine songs performed.

The third song of the set, "Apology Song", illustrated the quirkiness of lead singer Colin Mely's lyrics and reiterated the **Decembris**'s unique niche: no other band could play a song about a stolen bicycle and have hipsters nodding.

Though the venue was only half-filled, the audience's talking nearly drowned out the plaintive "Clementine". Such impoliteness was soon quashed, however, by the boisterous fun of "The Chimbley Sweep", accentuated by a mid-song accordion-versus-guitar duel. The show reached its most abrasive and eccentric point during "The Train", a nineteen-minute test of the audience's attention span.

As a much-needed change of pace, Mely emerged alone for the encore and played an acoustic ballad, "Red Right Ankles", one of the pinnacles of their latest album, *Her Majesty, The Decembris*.

Ever the unpredictable performer, the **Decembris** ended the night by breaking out the synthesizer and performing a cover of Echo and the Bunnymen's "Bring on the Dancing Queens". Had the show not been so short, I just may have danced.

Josh McNorton

Tortoise
The Eternals
May 29
Commodore Ballroom

Often, my favourite thing to do

before a concert starts is to go up to the stage and examine all the instruments that are already set up. In this case I counted upwards of ten keyboards, three drum sets, two sets of xylophones, and a maze of microphones, guitars, and effects pedals. Unfortunately, whatever excitement this led to fast drained away as **The Eternals** took the stage. A Chicago three-piece, they blended some superb drumming with good snaking bass lines, and something like Jamaican rapping.

Theoretically, it could have been awesome, except that the only really good thing about the lead singer was his dancing; something like a reggae robot. If only his lyrics or voice had been that smooth.

Further draining my reserve of happiness for the night was the realization that the second act, **Beans**, was not the post-rock Vancouver group I'd expected, but instead was a solo rap act with his very own CD player full of beats. Granted, Beans was a talented (and, upon later realization, rapper) and got the crowd dancing, and had (as far as I could make out) the best lyrics the night had yet encountered, but there wasn't too much variety to his set and his beats still just didn't stand out for me.

Finally, **Tortoise** slipped onto the stage and started doing what everyone had been waiting for. Xylophone trios, double drum set action, post rock guitar riffs, and videos that mostly concentrated on psychedelic squares and a distorted city life were all part of the spectacle, but I think what may have stood out the most to me is the absolute absence of audience interaction. There were no hellos or goodbyes, no intersong banter, no outward display of personality at all, and instead it became evident that these are musicians who really love their music and are here to perform it, bringing it as close as possible to perfection.

It could have made a challenging show for youth raised on pop-punk short attention span orgies, but for those coming from a background of jazz or even classical concerts, it was perfectly fitting. After all, I thought, **Tortoise** has a reputation for frustrating rock critics who expect their favourite bands to reinvent themselves after every album, and I might be the first to agree that most of their songs are recognizably similar. As tempted as I am to enter a philosophical discussion of whether **Tortoise** is

post-rock or jazz (where jazz tends to focus on perfection of style over expansion of style), I think I'll leave that to the guys in **High Fidelity** (A.K.A. Zulu). As far as the fans were concerned though, I feel confident to say that none left unhappy. **Tortoise** put on an incredibly tight show, which is something that too many people seem to forget can be an art in itself.

Soren Brothers

The Blow
Anna Oxygen
Channels 384
June 6
Pat's Pub

There was no one at Pat's when I arrived at 10 o'clock or so. Everyone was at the **Pink Mountain/Progeys/Destiny** show at **Richard's**. Heck, I'd been there, but I and a few others felt the need to leave early to try to cram two shows into the night. The crazy headonists took a risk were in for a treat... all 30 or so of them that decided to show up.

As per usual, I was talking loudly about things I really don't have the knowledge to talk about when **The Blow** started. She was so small and quiet that I didn't notice her standing in front of a microphone in the center of the dance-floor-level "stage".

In a shaky voice, barely audible above the crowd, she murmured, "Umm, no-one's really heard this song, except my boyfriend."

Which prompted the wisecrass next to me whisper that he, while he wasn't her boyfriend, had heard it before, but I believed her. I believed the whole gosh darned thing.

The **Blow's** live performance is more of a play punctuated by songs. Their most recent album, *The Concussive Caress* makes so much more sense when you get all the inside information. It was the of the kind of beautiful honesty that you don't care if it's fiction or not.

So we sat there and listened to the whole thing, quiet and kind of stunned. Then, out of nowhere... A dance party broke out!

The **Blow + Yacht's** next album contains some sort of dance-frenzy inducing subliminal messages, and all 30-or-so of us (give or take a wallflower or two) gathered in, pressed onto the dance floor, while she sang along with a CD she'd brought up with her. It was surreal. Totally and utterly, I still can't figure out exactly what happened, except that somehow I didn't feel like a spectator anymore. That's the goal right?

Things calmed down somewhat as **Anna Oxygen** took the stage. Her magical tale of travelling into the body was accompanied by a huge projection of eclectic computer-generated images (loads of too green). It wasn't long before we got our kicks back on, and the night concluded with the whole

room doing a wierd synchronized dance. Dancing for all the world like it was Sunday afternoon, no-one was home, and the music was up really loud.

Channels 384 rocked out in exactly the way they always rock out, but I've totally seen them a million times. So, yeah.

Graeme Worthy

Challenger
AttackMachine
Drokes
June 12
The Bickyard

Sunday shows can be sweet sometimes, in a blessing/curse sorta way. This gig featured a low turnout (40? ish?), but a cozy vibe, more like a basement show or a gathering of good friends.

Some nights you feel like getting lost in the haze of noise, faces and cheap draft, but nights like these are amenable to actual conversation, especially since I was looking forward to chatting with some of **Challenger's** members: Jessica Hopper (Punk Planet columnist, Hit It or Quit It editor, PR magnate and much-needed post-riot grm! shitcaller in the punk rock sausage party) and Al Buihan (writer of the delightfully sardonic & re-readable *Burn Collector*, my fave zine next to good ol' *Cometbus*).

On the subject of good convo, and in staying true to **DISORDER** form (Snap! - ed.), I missed most of the first band. I was holding

court elsewhere, but **Drokes** seemed to do OK. They brought a lot of their friends, who promptly disappeared after they loaded out. Tight, heavy, melodic, emo: they did it well. E for effort.

I've praised **AttackMachine** in these pages before, as their previous incarnation: **Sharpooth**. They've dropped the old material, added new members and have hit the ground running. If you like tightly-wound, multilayered post-hardcore with scream-and-response vocals, played by guys who fall down a lot and have a soft spot for Gravity bands of yore (**Cliklat Ikaw!**, **Heroin**, **Antioch Arrow**), you are very much in luck. In other words: yikes, which is exactly what you'll be thinking when frontman Nick falls off the stage, bringing two mic stands down with him, in your direction.

I wasn't sure what to expect from **Challenger**. I mean, one would expect a band consisting of 3/4 of **Milemarker** to sound a lot like...uh huh. Not so. In the absence of MM's keyboard-heavy tunes, these were strong songs from seasoned musicians, with a taut, straightforward sound, but with enough danceable bounce to keep any potential *Jaks-wannabe-in-skull-skates-hoody/ jack-in-Halebreed-windbreaker-two-man-plt* away from the front (you know those chunks tump! I hate those guys. I'm glad they stayed home). It felt oddly honest.



The Roots at the Plaza of Nations
 Photo by Jason Lewis

Al kept the good vibe going, chatting up the crowd about unemployment and our upcoming election in between songs. So, we danced, hung out, bought zines, talked more, and it was nice to not stumble home at 3 in the morning smelling like a brewery, for a change. As stated: Sunday shows can be sweet, sometimes.

Christopher Olson

The Sills
Van Bondies
Sea Ray
June 15
Commodore Ballroom

Get your art on. The bands that graced the Commodore tonight could have been at school rock dropouts. Someone obviously thought that these bands had something in common, because they decided to combine these originally separate shows together.

The second act of the evening, **Sea Ray**, didn't look like typical rockers, but they could hold their own on stage. This 6-piece band's strongest player was the drummer; he played like a human drum and bass machine. It was also surreal to see a head-banging cellist. **Sea Ray**'s aesthetic tool of choice was film: spastic random images were projected onscreen and

these were beautifully in sync with their playing. The songs varied from spacey, new wave melodies, to beautiful simple vocal/cello-lead songs that grew darker overtones.

This band had the best ending. They shredded apart their melodies and had an instrumental meltdown like a filmstrip dissolving from the screen.

The band with the most buzz was the **Van Bondies**. This was garage rawk, through and through. The minute they walked onstage, their attitudes and fashion sense were loud and clear. It was strange how loud each successive song got. Everything but the vocals seemed to get amplified; apart from Jason Stoltz's screaming, it sounded like I was wearing earmuffs. "The Fever" and "Broken Man" stood out the most. The **Van Bondies** drummer, Don Blum, laid it on thick. Another treat was hearing the female band members deliver their back-up vocals.

Most of the set sounded the same but the songs with the catchy dance beats were the most fun. At one point, the guitarist, Marcie Bollen, asked the crowd to dance and said how the Seattle audience was better than this one. "C'mon C'mon" got the biggest response; the band

delivered it with a very strong pounding riff. The highlight of the night was when a crew guy used his flashlight to provide a mini light show while the band played during a brief stage blackout.

Even though the crowd cheered for an encore, they never came out again. Maybe they were busy looking for a map to get back to Seattle.

The **Sills** were the last band on the bill. They're sketchy, to say the least. There were doodles plastered all over the amp covers and on screen. This was their last tour date and they were happy to be back with all things familiar, like loonies. The drummer had a usual stage spot, right on the edge of the right-hand side.

"Of Montreal" was a great opener. The frantic, sped-up songs matched the sad desperation of Tim Fletcher's vocals. "Lola" and "Changes Do No Good" had the crowd madly singing along. "Animals" had the crazy never-ending outro. The **Sills** can definitely stretch out songs to let them breathe and each band member wove in details.

For their encore, Fletcher came out and handed out every piece of a bouquet he had, right down to the baby's breath. The charismatic drummer, Dave Hamein, took over vocal duties on the last song, "Yesterday". He

sang it hunched over and went anywhere the mic cord would let him go. Then, after the song ended, he casually threw the mic across the stage. Leave it to the bassist to do the job right; he used his guitar to knock over the drum set, and then added the mic stand and other stage materials on top of it, like he was building a bonfire.

Emily Khong

Hella
Need New Body
Raking Bombs
June 18
The Brickyard

Over the past few years, under the sage guidance of a much-beloved Premier, the homeless population in the Downtown East has doubled. The harshed-out scene was perfect for Vancouver's best show of the summer, if not ever.

Hometown favorites **Raking Bombs** started the late show, with their characteristically light art-punk set. Scattering the stage with leaves, a Dionysian orgy ensued which left the band glassy-eyed with ecstasy, and eventually 75% on the floor.

Need New Body's merch was the perfect introduction to the group's... uh... "unique" style. Hand-screened T-shirts, hand-drawn bumper stickers (\$5),

summarized the band's musical aesthetic in visual form.

Onstage, the six-member Philadelphia troupe brought out all the bells and whistles, complete with bicycle wheel percussion. Front man **Jeff Bradbury** played a crazed, bearded beach boy, with better style and stage presence. His vocals and theatrics were frantic and poised all at once, and the rest of the group matched his intense energy. Keyboardist/vocalist **Jamie Robinson** resembled a manic Muppet (in the very best sense of the word), and drummer **Chris Powell** spent most of the show with his eyes rolling up into the back of his head, looking like he was in the middle of the most amazing orgasm he'd ever had. The melodic, complex yet concise music was manic and highly danceable. **NNB**'s overwhelming charisma and chemistry kept the crowd rapt. By the time the group had finished, we were sweaty and smiling, primed and ready for **Hella**.

Simply put, drummer **Zach Hill** and guitarist **Spencer Seim** are visionaries. I'm not the only ones who think so: virtually every city the Sacramento-based band visited on this tour printed a story on them. Four

months on the road have led the boys in an improvisational direction, and their utterly original, almost indescribable brand of instrumental rock was all the better for it.

Spencer's guitar playing is similar to **Lee & Thurston of Sonic Youth**'s, in the sense that alluring as-yet unheard sounds from the instrument. Strange ways of rubbing the strings while strumming them simultaneously created sounds and melodies that, had Spencer not been standing there with his guitar, I would have assumed were samples. As always, Zach's drumming was a tour de force which left his hands bleeding, and his clothes soaked with sweat, as if he'd been fully immersed in water.

In conclusion, I love **Hella**. Judging by the amount of merch sold, the rest of Vancouver loves them too, though obviously (for so many reasons) not as much as I do.

Sasha Webb



finding joy
Luxe Ramsey
mebeme.com

Under Review

Beastie Boys To The 5 Boroughs (Capitol)

New York City's most beloved trio of Jewish boys are back again with their sixth album. *To The 5 Boroughs* was recorded and produced entirely in the **Beasties'** new NYC home studio. Every song is laden with references to New York subway stations, streets, and of course, the outer boroughs. The cover art is a detailed sketch of Manhattan's famous skyline, as seen from the perspective of B'klyn. This drawing, which includes the World Trade Center, is borrowed from Matteo Pericoli's *Manhattan Unfired*.

It's now almost 20 years since the Beastie Boys started rapping on Def Jam in 1985. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the Boys' old age has affected the quality of this album, with MCA's voice sounding noticeably hoarse. However, **Mike D** and **King Adrock** haven't changed a bit, with the same high-pitched bounce in their vocal chords.

While the Beastie Boys have been incredibly innovative throughout their entire career, there is definitely less freshness on their newest LP. Could this be a result of the corporate climate of 21st Century New York culture, as helmed by billionaire Mayor Mike Bloomberg? Anyone who has recently visited "New" New York, post-Rudy Giuliani, can attest to the tragic Disneyfication of Times Square and Greenwich Village. Since the album is made in the city, one can't help but wonder how city politics and economics might have affected the Boys.

The album's best tracks are "Ch-Check It Out!" and "Triple Trouble," which incorporate classic drum breaks and samples reminiscent of the seminal LA-recorded *Paid 9's Boutique*. Is this LP any good? It is okay at best, but not as amazing as their first three. Quite honestly, mediocrity is part of a larger problem in hip-hop. Fresh ideas and ill concepts are rare, even in the underground. But enough hating. When it comes down to it, I'm just glad that the Beastie Boys blessed us with this treat of 15 tracks. As long as this legendary trio wants to release new music, I'll be more than glad to (ch-) check it out.

Frank Liao

Division Of Laura Lee Das Not Compute (Burning Heart/Epitaph)

The Swedes are back for another kick at the can with this

follow-up to *Black City* and does anyone else think they sound just a little like **Gits Against Boys**? Tracks like "Dirty Love," "Does Compute" and "We Are Numbers" ooze the same sweat, sex and seduction as their North American cousins, but themes of frustration, disillusionment and desperation are mixed with a hopefulness that cements the notion that they sing from personal experience and want to break the barriers of the simple love/hate dichotomy prevalent in most rock 'n' roll songs. Lines like "I believe in the brokenhearted and I know that your time will come/I close my eyes to get it all undone" (from "Loveless"), and "Think about the things I've done/all the things gone wrong/past mistakes that now seem colorful and beautiful" (from "To The Other Side") are fuzzed-out standouts full of optimism, but there are some sombre moments like "Breathe Breathe" and "There's A Last Time For Everything" that retain the moose elements of the band's JAMC-influenced repertoire. All things considered, *DOLL* have successfully bridged the gap between the lovers and the fighters, making a solid sophomore effort.

Bryce Dunn

Fen Heron Leg (Freak Out Records)

The latest from Fen evokes weird, slightly disturbing childhood memories. For example, the image of dragonflies mating is contrasted with death scenes... making me wonder about lyrics/vocalist **Doug Harrison's** life. Are the songs a mix of reflection and distorted dreams or slices of real life? For his sake, hopefully more the former than the latter.

Heron Leg is an interesting musical trip aside from pondering what's behind the lyrics. The mood is darkly atmospheric, underpinned with heaviness and hard edges—Fen is a metal band, after all. Textural and dynamic contrasts are frequently employed, framing the lyrics in unusual sonic contexts: the creepiest lines are often the most delicate sounding.

The songs reveal a sequence of events, each exploding from a different angle. While concept albums have a bad rap these days, that's simply because most of them aren't as good as this one. This is one of those great CDs the listener can get into more and

more deeply as buried details are unearthed.

Drake

Hinterland Under the Waterline (HybridElectricRecords)

Vancouver's **Hinterland** have released a debut that beautifully captures the soaring epic feel of their rock-meets-ambient milieu. *Under the Waterline* has a sweeping, cinematic feel, setting off **Michaela Galloway's** melodies which include her clear, bell-like voice as well as her hule and oboe playing. Tones are layered with subtlety, but are powerfully evocative. There is something new to hear with every spin.

The sonic focus here is textural juxtaposition, giving the album a floating, quivering flavour that is hard to describe in print. You must hear it! There, that's all my left brain is contributing here—go find out for yourself. Your right brain will love you for it.

Vampyra Draculo

The Kicks Hello Hong Kong (TVT)

Arkansas' **The Kicks** are everything that's been hip in rock over the last couple o' years all rolled into one neatly-packaged, major-label endorsed, radio-approved ball. Yet no matter how jaded and cynical I try to be (and believe me, I try hard) I can't deny my affection for this disc's twelve sweet pop-rock songs. The trendy elements thrown into their tunes can't hide the fact that they were written by fans of **Cheap Trick** and **The Cars**, giving **Hello Hong Kong** a vibe akin to **Superdrag** or **Nada Surf's** best work. Not even poor lyrics on some tracks ("She's my stars come out/shine my everything" from "What do I have to Do?") is a glaring example) can squish this group's appeal. It's like the head is saying no but the body's saying... let's go!

Ian Gormley

Kinski Don't Climb on and Take the Holy Water (Strange Attractors Audio House)

According to the little sticker on the CD case, the new **Kinski** album is not the new **Kinski** album, but rather a stopgap EP of improvised material, which is normally performed under the guise of **Herzog**. With that in mind, this disc is not recommended to new listeners, though this

should not deter casual fans. The five songs on the EP are far more restrained than most of Kinski's output and the second track times in at a whopping 29 minutes. Like most tracks that extend into the double digits a certain amount of wankery is present. However, the group is easily able to maintain interest, so I say, wank on! Listeners are also encouraged to *masurbate to said disc*. —Ed.]
Ian Gormley

Minus Story
The Captain Is Dead, Let the Drum Corps Dance (Jagjagwarr)
A long lost member of the **Elephant** collective, **Minus Story** create sweet, sweet (did I mention sweet?) pop melodies and infectious harmonies with a do-it-yourself indie approach to songwriting and recording. This album is the third offering from this group, and their first with Jagjagwarr. The record's enigmatic nature, hinted at by the title, is confirmed by storylines described on the band's website. These include: that of a young boy who rallies together an army of children, a black cloud that eats birds, and some girl who comes back as a ghost in a marching band. Oh yeah, now I totally get it, guys!

Lo-fi music is surrounded by what the band themselves call their "wall of crap" sound, which I suppose refers to an update of (or regression from) Phil Spector's symphonic pop production of the '60s. The album's three core songs are especially addictive (and did I mention, sweet): "Open Your Eyes," my personal favourite, which contains a spine-tinglingly beautiful melody: "You Were on My Side," with swirling harmonies; and "Joyless, Joyless," the closest this album gets to an all-out romp. Robert Ferdinand

Sterlogram Schmack! (Capitol)

This Kiwi five-piece deserves a big fat smack! upside the head for trying to pull this crap. Their eye-popping video for pseudo-hit "Walkie Talkie Man" will certainly draw your interest. On first listen you might think it's a bunch of indie kids trying to be cute by throwing out lame rhymes at breakneck speed. However, when you realize that they're actually trying to stick it to the man [in this case some kind of security guard], the novelty wears off. Beyond the glaringly bad lyrics about the plight of the white, 20-something stalker, this modern rock-radio-ready disc just doesn't have the hooks. What they lack in quality, they make up in catch-grabbing riffs and a false sense of self-importance. So if that's your scene, by all means pick this one up ASAP. [And make sure to buy it at Virgin or A&R

Sound. —Ed.]
Ian Gormley

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? s/t (Independent)

Not to say last month's article by **Ben Lal** wasn't totally awesome, but it didn't give any description of what this local 7-piece sounds like. For those of you not lucky enough to have witnessed **They Shoot Horses...** in action at one of their many local house party gigs, this EP is the perfect introduction to their high-energy, klezmer-meets-soul-meets-indie rock sound. The self-described "noisy old root-a-ma-loo band" features rollicking rhythms, a horn section (yes, for real!), and CITR's own **Chris a-tiffie** on Casio. Jazzy guitar balances tight military-esque drumming, horn blasts and melodies, and lots and lots (and lots) of joyful singing and shouting, creating a lush, party-rocking vibe. The band themselves are a busy bunch, involved in many other interesting projects around the city, which you can read about on their adorable website. The site, featuring art by drummer **Julia**, is worth seeing if only for the digital pickle-crunching sound. www.theyshoothorses.org
Susy

Tijuana Bibles Fish Of Fury (Independent)

The **Bibles** to go over the top (top) on their third ingridie spectacle of surf 'n' turf: each CD comes hand-numbered, specially designed with a picture of your favourite Bible member staidly seducing right, as you, to say, "We got you now, sucker!" And alas, they would be right, as the infectious pound of **Super Destructor**, the "hypnotic" horn section of **La Felina Negra** and **La Chupacabra**, gut-busting guitar and bass from **The Crippler**, **Sonny Boy Liston** and **Sky Hi Lee** will take a (choke)hold and make you shake it "I'll you break

The Organ Grab That Gun (Mini/404)

Is this that new album by that local band? Yup. The band that's on the cover of all those newspapers? Yup. Other than being a bit more slick, does the album sound much different than their EP? Nope. Is this a bad thing? Not at all. Is the running time less than half an hour? Yes. Is it depressing? Only in a good way. Can Katie Sketch "not believe the word love"? So she says. Seriously, do they really think Chad Kroeger in their liner notes? Yes. But he co-wrote the label they co-signed to so that makes it okay, right? Sure. So, the album, it's good? I would say so. Even though they repeat three songs from their EP? Yup. Aren't they a bunch of lezzies? I'm not really sure. Aren't they a bit static live? Yeah. Are you going to see them at Richards on July 8 anyway? Probably. Isn't the whole "Sketch Co" thing played out? Maybe a bit. This is a pretty stupid format for a review, isn't it? Maybe a bit. Duncan

it. With a musical range range that stretches from the primal stomp of **The Cramps** to the full-on blast rock 'n' soul of **Rockwell From The Crypt**, this is one band that'll have the turkeysneaks' toes a-tappin' and the swinging chicks squealin' with delight.
Bryce Dunn

Wiley Treadin' on Thin Ice (XL)

Wiley is the founder of London's Roll Deep Crew, which once numbered **Dizzee Rascal** among its members. Though both artists' sounds are rooted in American hip-hop, dancehall reggae, as well as UK garage (although Wiley adamantly distances himself from that scene by proclaiming "I don't sound like garage" and "I don't care about garage" in "Wot Do U Call It," the album's first single), their work affects the listener very differently. Dizzee Rascal's album grabs your head, knees you in the fucking face and knocks you right down on your ass, mostly providing accounts of his experiences in the rough neighbourhoods of East London. Wiley's album is a much more laid-back affair.

The beats aren't as hard, and the subject matter doesn't contain the same despair and angst as is the case with Dizzee Rascal. Take "Got Somebody," in which he states, "I want to settle down now," and "my head is screwed on tight." He also proclaims that "this is it, I'm stoppin' now, I'm not a player." However, this perceived confidence is curbed by frequent injections of "yeah, right," after almost every verse. Wiley sounds like a man who knows what he wants but accepts of his faults and his situation. This is also evidenced on the title track, for example, where he admits "I'm treadin' on thin ice/It's like I don't learn 'cause I make the same mistakes more than twice."

Robert Ferdinand

Datebook

Saturday, July 3

Demition Doll Rods, Ladies Night @ The Brickyard
The Cape May, Gordon B. Inor, Clover Honey @ Pat's Pub
Josh Martinez, Threat From Outer Space @ The Metropole Pub
Bughouse Five, Kevin Kane, Graham Brown, The New Modernettes, Kevin Howe, Joe Mavety @ W.I.S.E. Hall

Sunday, July 4

Manitoba, Kinnie Starr @ The Commodore Ballroom
Misanthropy Gallery Fundraiser w/ DJ's MyGayHubband and DonnaJotanner @ Misanthropy Gallery

Wednesday, July 7

"Viva Zapata!" benefit for the Eastside Women's Shelter w/ Vancouver, Clover Honey, Gangbang, Cunt @ Railway Club
Potus, Alley Mattress, Teenage Leather Fight @ The Cobalt
The Sluts, Hurricane Kitty @ Marine Club

Thursday, July 8

The Organ record release w/ The R.A.D.I.O. Bakelite @ Richard's on Richards

Friday, July 9

All State Champion, Facing New York, The Sourkeys @ The Brickyard
The Spinoffs, The BADAMPS, The Neo Nasties, Bacon, CRU @ The Underwear Farm (All Ages)
Blue Monday, Desperate Measures, Mental Lights Out @ Video-In Studios (All Ages)
The Gourds, Ridley Bent @ W.I.S.E. Hall

Saturday, July 10

Road Kutters 4th Ann. B.B.Q. Bop Hat Rod show: Pep Tones, Roy Kay Trio, Cousin Harley & Howard

Rix, Los Nitros, The Ultra Vixens
Peep Show @ Marine Club
"Organized Crime," recent paintings and installation by Andy Dixon @ Misanthropy Gallery

Sunday, July 11

Nard Was II: Return of the Nard on MuchMusic at 10AM
(Watch it while recovering from your hangover!)

Monday, July 12

Brid, Recover, Moneen @ Mesa Luna

Tuesday, July 13

Sonic Youth @ The Commodore Ballroom

Wednesday, July 14

The Gossip, Robosexual @ Mesa Luna (All Ages 6pm early show)
The Suicide Girls Live Burlesque Tour @ Mesa Luna (9pm)
Los Furos, Secret, Secret, Secret @ Railway Club

Friday, July 16

Gomez, Polyphonic Spree, The Thrills @ The Centre (All Ages)

Saturday, July 17

The Young Professionals, Pr1m35 @ Alley Gallery (All Ages)
Johnny Sizzle, The Wetspots, Evan Symons, mr. paw, Dan Scum @ The Cobalt
Reverend Horton Heat, The Forty-Fives @ The Commodore Ballroom
Face Fest 2004: Wet Cell, Pax Revetorators Remix, Betty Krocket, The Hunter Cometh, Vancourtland Rangers, Emergency, Filthy Ratchet, Salmon Arm, Seventh Image, Motorama, Walkerband, Bughouse Five, Uver Sissy, Huskee Dudes, Richard Fordham, Azul Salvaje, al contraire, Evan Symons, The Rain and The Sidewalk, Slowpoke @

Railway Club (that's 22 bands for 10 bucks!)

Sunday, July 18

Dr. Ring Ding, Eastern Standard Time @ W.I.S.E. Hall
The Evaporators, The Fleshies, Toys That Kill, Short Circuit
Transfer @ Endoplasmic Entertainment, Langley (All Ages)

Monday, July 19

The Icarus Line, The Evaporators, The Battles @ Richard's On Richards

Wednesday, July 21

Scissor Sisters, The Fitness @ Richard's On Richards

Thursday, July 22

Mongoose, Sultano @ The Brickyard

Friday, July 23

Sparrow, Pano, The Battles @ The Media Club
Sober Unit, Snake Run @ Video-In Studios (All Ages)
The Cinch record release w/ Elizabeth @ The Brickyard
Rock Fantasy w/ July Fourth Toilet @ W.I.S.E. Hall

Monday, July 26

Janet Panic, Tamara Nile, Emely Jordan, @ Railway Club

Saturday, July 31

Che Chapter 127, Roe Spoon, The Kings of Vancouver, DJ Ugly @ The Brickyard
A Virgin in Hollywood, The Vanity Press @ Pub 340
Pretty Girls Make Graves @ Richard's on Richards

JUNE CHARTS

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
01 A.C. NEWMAN	The Slow Wonder	The Blue Curtain
02 ORGAN*	Grab That Gun	Mint
03 TIJUANA BIBLES*	Fists of Fury	Indie
04 FEST*	Let It Die	Arts and Crafts
05 CAROLYN MARK*	The Pros and Cons...	Mint
06 MR. AIRPLANE MAN	C'man DJ	Sympathy
07 MISSION OF BURMA	Onaflon	Matador
08 LOSCL*	first narrows	Kranks
09 JEFFRE GENETIC AND HIS CLONES*	need a wave	Drifap
10 LES SAVY FAV	Inches	French Kiss
11 WILCO	A Ghost is Born	Nonesuch
12 RJD2	Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
13 YOUNG HEART ATTACK	Mouthful of Love	XL
14 FELIX DA HOUSECAT	Devin Dazzle and the Neon Fever	Emperor Norton
15 URBAN SURF KINGS*	Surf vs. the Flying Saucers	Indie
16 YOUNG HEART ATTACK	Mouthful of Love	XL
17 MODEST MOUSE	Good News for People...	Epic
18 III	Louden Up Now	Touch and Go
19 GOLDFRAPP	Strict Machine	Mute
20 TO ROCCO ROT	Hotel Morgen	Domino
21 NINA NASASIA	Dogs	Touch and Go
22 HAYDEN*	Ek Lala Serenade	Universal
23 ANIMAL COLLECTIVE	Tung Song	Fall Cat
24 TIGER ARMY	Ghost Tigers Rise	Helicat
25 DJ SHADOW	In Tune and On Time Live!	Geffen
26 PHONOGRAPHERS UNION*	Live on Sonarchy Radio	Accretions
27 ROBIN JUDGE*	Pattern	Noise Factory
28 JOEL R.L. PHELPS	Customs	12XU
29 THE WALIN* JENNYS*	40 Days	Jescho Beach
30 TANGIERS*	Never Bring You Pleasure	Sonic Unyon
31 SKALPEL	5/T	Ninja Tune
32 DESTROYER*	your blues	Merge
33 PJ HARVEY	Uh Huh Her	Island
34 THE THERMALS	fuckin' a	Sub Pop
35 ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE	Mantra of Love	Alien8

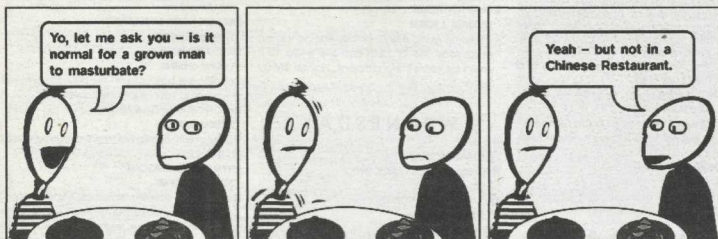
VENUES

anza club	3 w, 8th ave	604-876-7128
brickyard	315 carroll	604-685-3922
café deux soleils	2096 commercial	604-254-1195
cellar	3611 w. broadway	604-738-1959
cobalt	917 main	604-764-punk
commodore	868 granville	604-739-7469
lotus	455 abbott	604-685-7777
the main	4210 main	604-709-8555
marine club	573 homer	604-683-1720
media club	695 cambie	604-608-2871
pal's pub	403 s. hastings	604-255-4301
pic pub	620 w. pender	604-682-3221
pub 340	340 cambie	604-602-0644
railway club	579 dunsuir	604-681-1625
richard's	1036 richards	604-687-6794
sonar	66 water	604-683-6695
WISE hall	1882 adanac	604-254-5858
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway	604-733-5862
video in studios	1965 main	604-872-8337

RECORD SHOPS

active pass records	324 w. hastling
audiophile records	2016 commercial
bassix records	217 w. hastlings
beatstreet records	3-712 robbin
black swan records	3207 w. broadway
christown music	518 w. pender
highlife records	1317 commercial
noize! records	540 seymour
red cat records	4307 main
scrape records	17 w. broadway
scratch records	726 richards
zulu records	1972 w. 4th

GRAVY FILLED FRENCH FRIES



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A WORD ON THE CREATORS

Michael Janis spent years working at Winnipeg Public Library, which was actually more exciting than you'd think. The Canadian public library system caused an alarming number of Michael's co-workers to suffer complete nervous breakdowns, complete with gun-waving and rabid foaming. Or so he says. In an attempt to avoid a Dewey Decimal System-induced psychosis, he fled and came to the West Coast where he writes the words for this comic. He now leather books, and only reads things with little to no literary value. Like the DISORDER.

Terrence "T-Bone" Janis does the drawings. His previous comics include the adventures of an Andy Capp-esque alcoholic dog, and a dinosaur kinda like Godzilla (but 50 times bigger & badder). Originally from Canada, Terry now enjoys political exile in Hoboken, New Jersey. He claims to be employed as a graphic designer in New York City. His hobbies include "drinking beer & watching trailer trash TV." And illustrating comics about people who drink pee, apparently.

On the Dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae inna oil styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowgirl-caught-in-her-boots country.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

3:00PM-5:00PM

The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ

5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, Britain, US, etc.), 40s soundtracks and lounge. Bigger your jet-set holiday now!

QUEER FM

4:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCECENDANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

<trancecend@hgmil.com>

THE SHOW

12:00AM-2:00AM

Can't sleep? Need to stay awake? Here is the healthy alternative to caffeine... The Mutha'uckin show is on!! Join Hedsin, P. Kutchers and special guests as they deal doses of hip hop and info of the urban scene in Van. Guaranteed to keep that head nod-din' to the early mornin'.

MONDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

DISCORDER RADIO ONE

11:00AM-12:00PM

Wanna hear the music that drives the Disorder war machine? Supplement your monthly recording with an aural dose of that super-sonic mayhem from CTR.

MOSQUITO ETTIQUETTE

11:00AM-12:00PM

It's punk!

ALT. RADIO

12:00AM-1:00PM

LISTEN TO CTR AT 101.9 FM OR ONLINE AT WWW.CTR.CA

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chrs.

SANDBOX THEATRE

3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement. <sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

STRAIGHT TALK

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join me - Dallas Brodie - for stimulating talk radio about local, national and international issues. WHAT YOU WILL GET ON STRAIGHT TALK: smart, informative, current, provocative radio..... WHAT YOU WON'T GET: fence sitting, conspiracy theories, reflex anti-Americanism, lefty whining or fluff.

SON OF NITE DREAMS

6:00PM-7:30PM

SCALARIZATION

4:00PM-6:30PM

MY ASS

6:30PM-7:30PM

Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed. July 5: "Porgy and Bess" As interpreted by Miles Davis (Trumpet Soloist) and master arranger Gil Evans, is one of the high points of jazz and the most emotionally satisfying of the collaborations between these two giants.

July 12: Resident saxophone master Mike Allen will join Gavin to present some favourites and to discuss and feature an advance presentation of Mike's new recording.

July 19: In tribute to one of the most distinctive of all jazz pianists and also one of the best selling jazz recordings of all time: The Jazz Show presents Errol Garner's "Concert by the Sea".

July 26: "Now Hear This!" is a recording by one of the better working jazz bands of the 1960's. Co-led by Philadelphia's Ted Curson (trumpet) and Bill Barron (tenor saxophone) with younger brother Kenny (piano), Ronnie Boykins on bass and Dick Berk on drums.... This rare recording is a smoker and a cooker, don't miss this!

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00AM-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fuckin' Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAYS

3:00AM-6:30AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organix at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) every Friday.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:00AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES

6:00AM-9:30AM

PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR

8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deader than the most dangerous criminal <boninixyline@hotmail.com>

FILL-IN

11:30AM-12:00PM

MORNING AFTER SHOW

11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REEL

12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN

12:00PM-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING

2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE

3:30PM-4:30PM

En Avant la musique se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

Tansi Kiyaw

3:30PM-4:30PM

Tansi Kiyaw? Is Michif-Cree (one of the Metis languages) for "Hello, How are you?" and is a monthly indigenous music and spoken word show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for those who know me from other shows I'm Metis), the show will feature music and spoken word as well as events and news from Indian country and special guests. Contact me at jscudeler@ucalgary.ca with news, even listings and ideas. Megwetchi!

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:00PM-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBEQUE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the 11-Breds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, ya. flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO

8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN

10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM

10:00PM-12:00AM

escape n. escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Sahycon.

<DJ.Sahycon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Piene.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

SUBURBAN JUNGLE BACK ON

7:00AM-9:00AM

ENGAGING THE MOTHER?

9:00AM-10:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE

10:00AM-11:30AM

ANOIZE

11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Mead initiates and educates through musical

deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE

1:00PM-2:00PM

FOR THE RECORD

1:00PM-2:00PM

DEMOCRACY NOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY

3:00PM-5:00PM

Cycle-rific rowk and roll

3:00PM-5:00PM

RUMBLETONE RADIO

3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES

5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.

www.necessaryvoices.org

<necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY

6:30PM-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY

6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-garage program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

PRIMAL

8:00PM-9:00PM

A sex-positive bi-weekly news magazine, hosted by Maura Ingram. www.primaradio.net

FOLK OASIS

9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Not a misogal.

<folkoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

11:00PM-12:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00AM-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON

10:00AM-11:30AM

Musical inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmaniship. <robotlove@yahoo.com>

FIRE UP

11:30AM-12:00PM

Ever told yourself "I can't even boil water, let alone cook a chicken or stir-fry vegetables!" Let Chef Maral show you the way to create easy meals prepared in the comfort of your own kitchen/beachor pad or car. OK, maybe not the car. Wouldn't it be to spill anything on the upholstery.

UNPAK YOUR ADJECTIVES

12:00PM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE

1:00PM-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Comic comic comic. Oh yeah! and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00PM-5:00PM

DJ Knowlance slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Bad and the occasional public service announcements. <eno_work@yahoo.ca>

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

5:00PM-6:00PM alt.

Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

FETAL REVOLUTIONARY alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

Viva la Velouria! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!

www.bikesexual.org

OUT FOR KICKS

6:00PM-7:30PM

Now in its 15th and final year, your most reliable source for indie Pop. Thanks to all the regular listeners over the years! Tune in for an entertaining farewell tour.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30PM-9:00PM

The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host, Gary Olsen.

<tipup55@telus.net>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HEL

9:00PM-11:00PM

July 01 - The Hooded Fang

July 08 - Lazarus

July 15 - Jeff Byrner/Nero/Ape

July 22 - Esperanto

July 29 - Paul is Dead/The Dskerfies

WORLD HEAT

11:00PM-11:00PM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Dory-ari, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

LAUGH TRACKS

1:00AM-2:00AM

FILL-IN

2:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

6:00AM-8:00AM

8:00AM-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-TS SCENE-1K DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to: <djska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00PM-2:00PM

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shock mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO

2:00PM-3:30PM

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...

3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND ARTS

5:00PM-6:00PM

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

THE NORTHERN WISH

6:00PM-7:30PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

7:30PM-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

HOMEBOSS

9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noach: techno but also some trance,

acid, tribal, etc. Guest D.J.s, Interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES alt.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE ANTI-DOTE alt.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRES BALL

2:00AM-6:00AM

Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE

6:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots, 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00PM-1:00PM

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

<crashburnradio@yahoo.ca>

POWERCHORD

1:00PM-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo, tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwin, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE

3:00PM-5:00PM

From backpacks delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts

Jim, Andy and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR

5:00PM-6:00PM

BATTLE ZONE

6:00PM-7:00PM

Each show will make you feel as though you're listening in on conversations between political insiders. As well, this guest and caller-driven programs its guest from opposite ends of the corridor of public argument against one another in ho-ho-bared debate that takes you behind today's headlines.

SHADOW JUGGLERS

7:00PM-9:00PM

An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass with DJ's MP & Bios on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for giveaways everyweek. Keep feelin da beat.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Halcio and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then?

http://plutonia.org

EARWAX

1:00AM-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat/ drop dem heads rock into a jungle mashup/distort da source full force with needs on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP

4:30AM-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister 8.

LISTEN TO CITR 101.9 FMI ALL THE COOL KIDS ARE DOING IT! THEY'RE ALSO SMOKING AND DOING DRUGS! (DON'T DO THOSE)

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
6AM Reggae Linkup (RG)	Fill - In	Pacific Pickin' (RT)	Fill - In	Fill - In	Fill - In	Fill - In
7			Suburban Jungle Back On (DC)			
8	Breakfast With The Browns (EC)	Highland Voices (WO)	Please Rock The Door (EC)	End of the World News (EC)	Caught In The Red (RR)	The Saturday Edge (RT)
9	Are You Serious? Music (EC)		Engaging the Word? (TK)			
10		Third Times The Charm (RR)	Exquisite Corpse (EX)	Planet Lovetron (DC)	Sko-T's Scene-ik Drive (SK)	
11	MoshPit Etiquette (PU)	Disorder Radio One	Anaize (NO)	Fired Up (TK)		
12PM	Rockers Show (RG)	All Radio (PO)	Unpack your Adjectives	These are the Breaks (HH)	Generation Annihilation (PU)	
1	Parts Unknown (PO)	Fill - In Beat Up Ronin (EC)	The Shake (RR)	Steve and Mike (HC)	PowerChord (MT)	
2	Blood On The Saddle (RT)	Circuit Tracing (DC/EC)	Democracy Now (TK)	The Onamanapoea Show (TK)	Radio Zero	
3	The Leo Ramirez Show (WO)	En Avant La Tani Kiyow (SP)	RumbleTone MotorDaddy Radio (RR)	Rhymes & Reasons (HH)		Code Blue (RT)
4	Sandbox Theatre (TK)	Musique (FR)	Necessary Voices (TK)		Narduar the Human Serviette Presents... (NW)	
5	Absolute Beginners (EC)	Meat Eating Vegan (EC)		Local Kids Make Good (EC)	CITR News, Sports and Arts (TK)	Electrolux Hour (EC)
6	Chips With Saint Tropez Everything (PO)	Son Of Nile Salsation (TK)	And Sometimes Why (PO/EC)	Out For Kicks (PO)	The Northern Wish (EC)	BATTLE ZONE (TK)
7	Queer FM (TK)	WigFlux Radio (RG)	all. Blue Monday (GJ)	On Air With Greased Hair (RR)		
8			Primal (TK)	Live From... Thunderbird Radio Hell (LM)	African Rhythms (WO)	
9	Rhythms India (WO)	Salaro Minimo (WO)	Folk Oasis (RT)		HomeBass (DC)	Synaptic Sandwich (DC/EC)
10	The Jazz Show (JZ)	Venus Flytrap (EC)				Plutonian Nights (DC)
11	Trancendence (DC)	Vengeance is Mine! (PU)	Aural Tentacles (EC)	World Heat (WO)	I Like The Scribbles (EC)	EarWax (HH/DC)
12AM	The Show (HH)			Laugh Tracks (TK)		
1			First Floor Sound System (EC)	Fill - In	The Vampires Ball (EC)	
2	Radio Zero (EC)	Psychedelic Airwaves (DC/EC)				
3						
4						Reggae Linkup (RG)
5						

CH=children's • DC=dance/electronic • EC=eclectic • EX=experimental • FR=French language • GI=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hiphop • HK=Hans Kloss • KI=kids • JZ=jazz
LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Narduar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=sko • SO=soul • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

Zulu's Wraparound Sounds

Embrace the Music of Summer

WILCO

A Ghost Is Born CD

Further solidifying their position as one of today's preeminent American bands, **Wilco** return with easily their most comprehensive statement. While the experimental production, line-up controversy and record label drama of 2002's epic **Yankee Hotel Foxtrot** will no doubt remain the turning point of **Twelve's** songwriting vision and the group's career, this latest release marks the full emergence of **Wilco's** greatness. **A Ghost Is Born** delicately balances everything that **Wilco** is capable of: frenetic rock anthems, tender ballads, loose bar room alt-country rave-ups and of course their gorgeous melodic interplay of classic keys, guitar and crooning vocals. Again America's finest producer, **Jim O'Rourke**, oversees the record's sonic palette, guiding sprawling tracks, like the 10+ minute 'Spiders', through a landscape of free-jazz guitar leads and shimmering organ breaks only to return to it's base and ballsy chorus. Elsewhere, the upright piano driven 'Hummingbird' spotlights **Wilco's** Americanized take on the **Beatle**-esque backbeat pop accented by evocative cello and violin instrumentation. All told, this is another genre defying release well worth all the critical praise — stop by for a listen!

CD 16.98

THEIVERY CORPORATION

The International Sound CD

Credited with changing the shape of today's downtempo scene, **Eric Hiltner** and **Raz Garza** a.k.a. **Theivery Corporation** are responsible for introducing the smooth blend of Latin, Arabic and Caribbean sounds to today's ultra-swank beat culture. Their previous records define the genre offering sexy beats with global jet-set dubber accent and flair. On this latest sojourn, the dynamic downtempo duo dial in their DJing skills and return to the 'mix cd' format to give you multiple late nights of electro-lounge groove ecstasy. Their eclectic mix includes near legendary cuts from **Thunderball**, **Crazy Penis**, **Bozoo Bajoo**, **Major Force** and many more! Time to get in with their **International Sound**.

CD 16.98

THE HIDDEN CAMERAS

Mississauga Goddam CD

Returning with a sound that this time goes far beyond **Inner** comparisons to **Belle and Sebastian**, **The Magnetic Fields** and **Meat is Murder** **Eric Smith's** Toronto's finest pop export offer this stellar follow-up to their breakthrough 'Smell of Our Own'. Coming in at just over 41 gorgeous minutes, these 11 beautiful tracks of homeric baroque pop are an exquisite celebration of sensuality for all ears. Capturing the incredible energy of their technicolor live show, which resembles a 'gay-folk-church-dance-party', **The Hidden Cameras** troupe take the party atmosphere into the studio as tracks like 'Fear is On' and 'Music is My Boyfriend' build slowly only to climax into a full on rave up folk-rock eruption! This is sex-y!

CD 14.98

PINK

MOUNTAINTOPS

S/T CD

You started out as pen pals, and then when the ink ran out you went by for a visit. While making love, a song magically came to you with a taut chorus of psychedelic guitars from a bearded prophet who sang a sweet suite of carnal desire. Before reducing yourself of your wanton flesh, you promised each other the clarity to write his words down before surrendering to the bliss of post-coital sleep. As your bodies lay mingled on the wet sheets the prophet continued his serenade 'from aloft his **Pink Mountaintop Sweet Sweet 69**'. This is a conceptually dirty record for dirty conceptual times - wrap your legs around it.

CD 12.98

THE CINCH

Shake if You Got It CD

Hello summer, I just found your soundtrack! The debut long player from **VanCity's The Cinch**, and the long awaited follow-up to 2002's much-loved self-titled ep. Ten more hits of their **Starelab**-meet-the-**Fellies**-in-the-hi-NYO-back-alley-and-have-a-dance-like-vibe. My god, highlights abound! 'Forwards & Backwards', 'Fade Out' and 'Kiss-Fog' are all perfect heavy pop rockers. **The Cinch** are known for, while 'Painkiller' (featuring a warped **Standards**-ripped guitar riff) and 'Losin' Your Head' show off the dreamy & noisy **Fall/Winter** path the band takes frequently live. There's also the unmistakable **Will Sargeant** influence on **Mark Eys** guitar work which becomes more and more apparent every minute. This is the sun burnt and cracked street hassle of the year! AVAILABLE JULY 9

CD 14.98

GALAXIE 500

Don't Let Your Youth Go To Waste DVD

Where were you when you heard that **Galaxie 500** broke up? The shocking news came only weeks after their only live appearance in **Vancouver** opening for the **Cocotea Twins**. Suddenly the universe was cold and empty. A giant star had exploded leaving behind a cloud of gas and space dust. Staring into the black hole, maybe you too wondered what would become of **Dean, Daman** and **Blamie**? Everything they gave us in a few short years would have to last a lifetime. Well, finally we've got something else to keep you going: a comprehensive video documentary of the most influential Boston college rock act not yet to reform or crudely cash in. Featuring all of their experimental student film videos, a seminal television appearance, as well as two entire live concerts with separate audio tracks, this double DVD set is mandatory viewing for those invested in the **Galaxie 500** legacy. Enjoy, we will.

DVD 26.98

BADLY

DRAWN BOY

One Plus One Is One CD

Journey further into the wilderness of nature boy **Danilo Gough** a.k.a. **Badly Drawn Boy** and you will discover an enchanted menagerie where his delicate folk-rock ballads animate the adventures of his 'little boy blue' persona. With an obvious salute to **Nick Drake**, **Fairport Convention** and the best of the old school 60's Brit soulful scene, **Gough's** piano/acoustic guitar songwriting craft takes flight over the course of these fourteen gorgeous new numbers offering some of his catchiest melodies to date. Checkout today's **Pink Moon!**

CD 16.98

OST

ON THE CORNER CD

Music By Michael Campitelli

If I had the cash to make something good I'd give it to **Geary**. Send his ass down to L.A. with a wrench to pull out the gold teeth in their shit film smile. Why? Gritty realism is not achieved in the studio back lots. Why? Gritty realism doesn't come with a bunch of extras looking to score a part in the next **Pink D** drama. Traffic sucked. So did **21 Grams**. I turned **Spun** off right after the opening credits. Boycott the next Hollywood 'takes from the gutter' treatment and get with the scene On the Corner! N.B.'s debut has it all, including this pretty sweet soundtrack from local producer **Michael Campitelli** a.k.a. **Calamanka**. His gritty landscape of 70's beats, **Salle** futurist keyboards and wah-wah excites the tone big time. Recommended.

CD 10.98

BLACK DICE

Creature

Comforts CD

Black Dice Baby! The rally cry spread like grandma.

Black Dice is a yellow fever through the ubiquitous crowd gathered in the brownstone Brooklyn loft. An eight by ten greenhouse had been installed in the middle of the space and some balloon art hung on the walls giving the ash colored room the vermillion feel of a late '70s no-wave art roost.

Which **Black Dice** would be showing up? Was this to be the post-punk meets electroclash incarnation that first dropped at 2002's **BFA** coming out party? Or was it to be the anti-music experimentalists that fired the sonic deconstruction of 'primitive' electro industrialists **Throbbing Gristle**? Perhaps it was to be the dreamy ambient trio who in true **Ena** style fashion plotted a landscape of loops, effects and synthesized beats? There was so much smoke in the room I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. The smoke was the **Black Dice Baby!** **Black Dice Baby!**

CD 16.98

RODNEY GRAHAM

Rock Is Hard CD

A handsome man sits at a cafe table in Paris. On screen a pair of twins (one dressed in city clothes, the other in country attire) begin an intellectual debate with the simple statement: 'Rock must be hard — or it will not be at all'. Lowering his periodical, the handsome onlooker alertly listens to their transgressive argument. Before him the cinnamon scented courtyard contains a guitar singer's chocolate mare, a US postal wagon, some very peculiar oak trees and cast of players including a pajama clad gentleman asleep on bench, an absorbed backwards cyclist, a slightly haggard cast-away runner, and a hand tied prisoner with an upright piano. With a certain Fellini precision the camera cranes away to an overhead vantage as the **'Rock Is Hard'** debate dissolves into a dreamy din of fuzz guitar. The café denizen exits left frame, taking with him his black fedora and bamboo fishing pole, only to immediately loop in from the right. A fascinating scene? Indeed, **VanCity's** nimble conceptualist **Rodney Graham** has finally delivered the soundtrack to his complex universe — if only all rock stars could be so arty. Recommended Baby.

CD 12.98

Get In the Mood:

Blackout Beach- Light Flows From Putrid CD

Molasses- Trouble at Jinx Hotel CD

David Grubbs- A Guest at the Riddle CD

Pan American- Quiet City CD/DVD

For Stars- It Falls Apart CD

The Fitness- Call Me For Together CD/LP

Boom Bip- Corymb CD/2LP

Josh Rouse- The Smooth Sounds CD/DVD

Shins - Fighting in a Sack CDEP

Mono - Walking Cloud and Deep Red Sky CD

Wagon Christ - I'm Sorry CD/2LP

The Briefs- Sex Objects CD/LP

Nachel Goswell

Ken Stringfellow- Soft Commands CD

Various- OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW

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